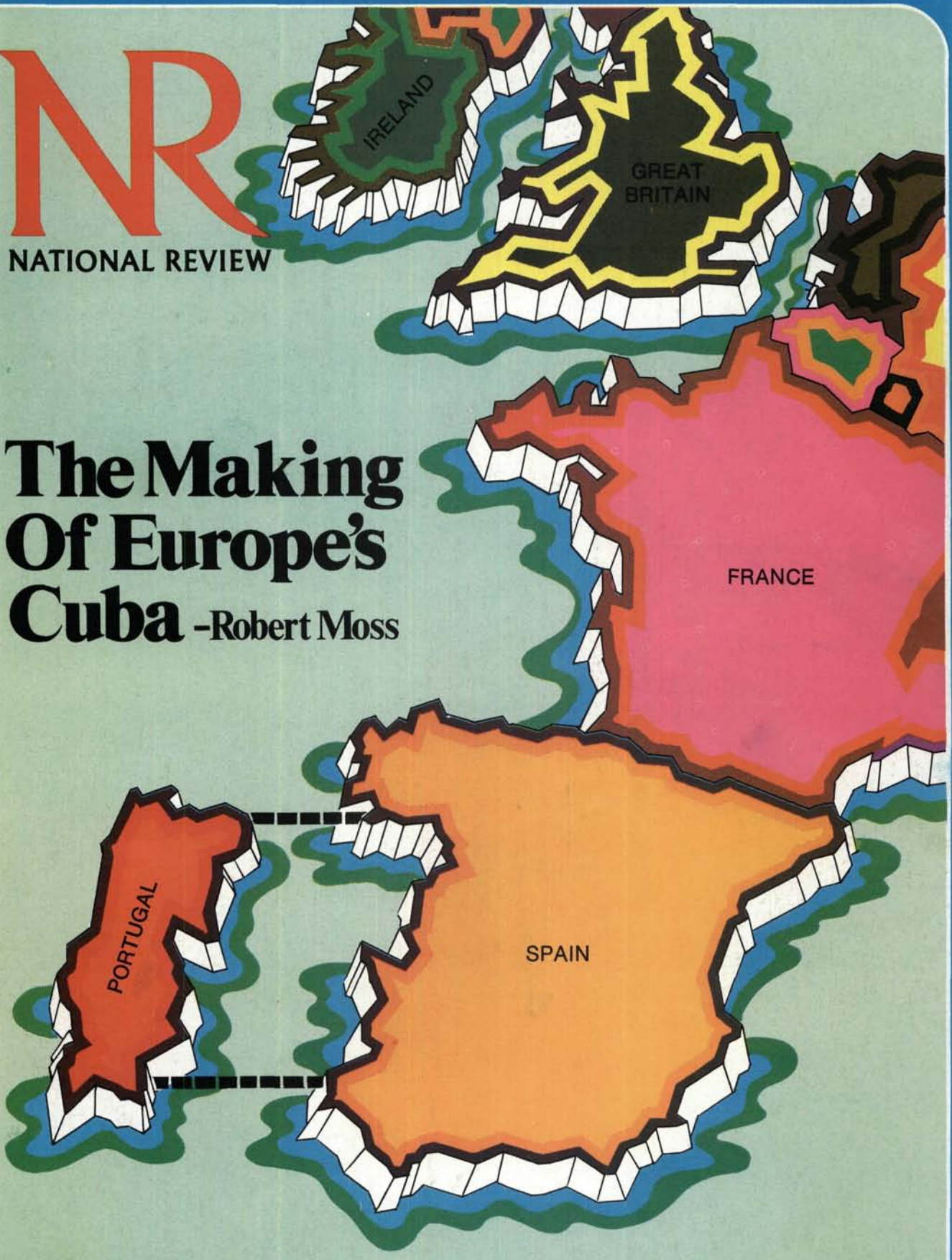
50 CENTS
PDC

APRIL 11, 1975

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW



The Making Of Europe's Cuba -Robert Moss

Portugal: The Sleepwalkers by James Burnham • M. J. Sobran Jr. on the Post-Luce Time: Sad Case • Also Buckley, Ricke

M SMTHOOOR- -02 7507 - 1 50 -

ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Brigantine® floor from Armstrong. Nothing else this decorative acts quite as tough with traffic.

It takes more than a pretty face to stand out in the floor covering crowd.

Decorative drama, of course, is a function of beauty. But making that beauty live beyond its youth is a function of character.

Brigantine Vinyl Corlon® unites the two in the happiest of marriages.

First, Brigantine offers as many pretty faces as you could wish—a spectrum of contemporary colors that can help you indulge your most inspired flights of fancy. For instance, our reception room uses four Brigantine colors to create an eye-arresting geometric look. Depending on what you have in mind, you can use one of those colors or all eleven. Their names alone suggest the possibilities—Char Brown, Zinnia, Nutmeg, Burnt Ochre, Beige White, Gold, Orange, Green, White, Brown, and Cork.

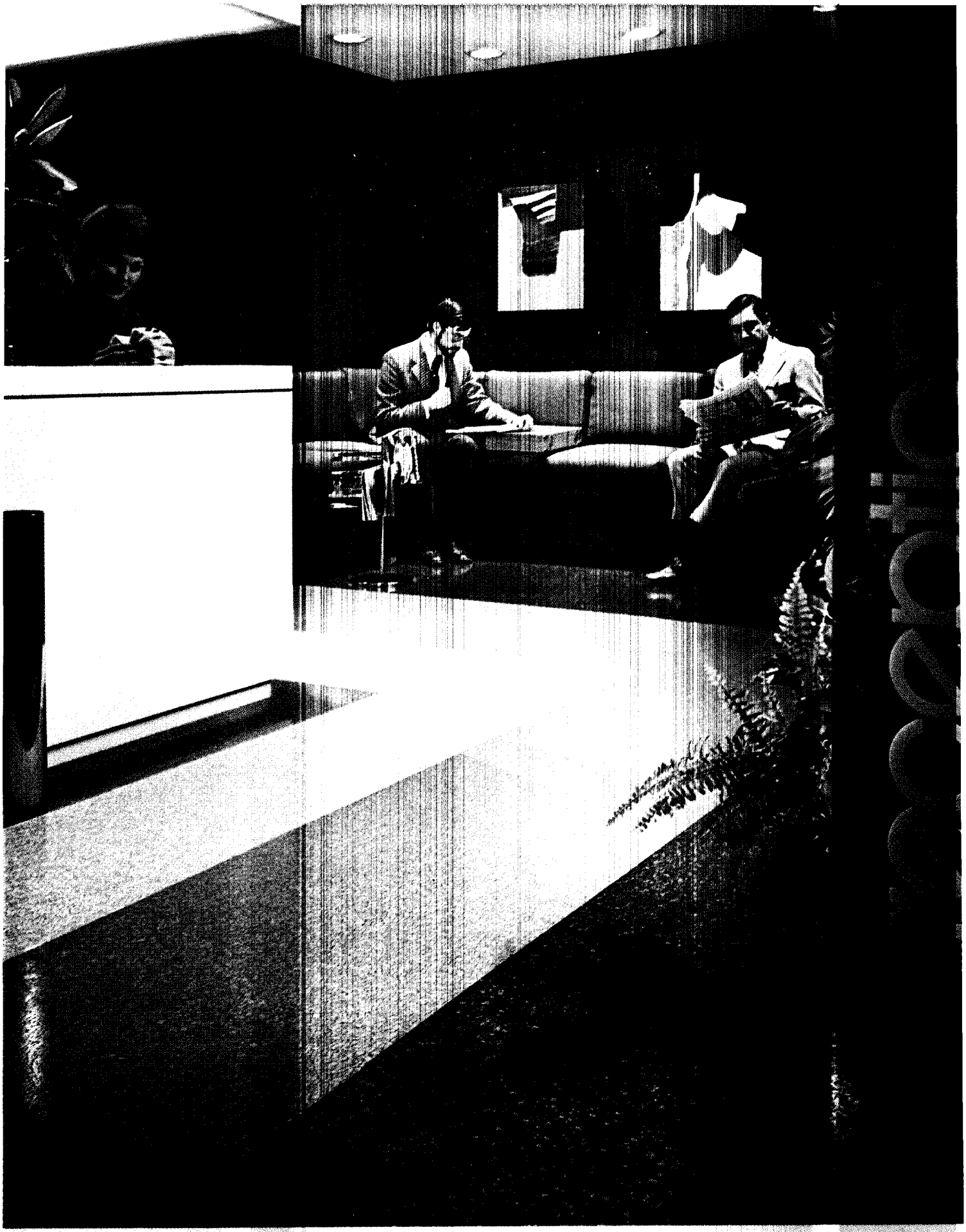
But what happens to all this colorful beauty in the real world? People walk on it, spill on it, track dirt on it.

That's why Brigantine is rugged sheet vinyl. It has the strength of character that resists heavy foot traffic, prevents spills from soaking in, and makes dirt removal a relatively simple job.

And since Brigantine comes in rolls six feet wide and up to 90 feet long, there are precious few seams where dirt can hide.

So if you're looking for a vinyl floor that's styled for good looks and built to make a lasting impression, you'll find what you need in Brigantine. It can take a lot of punishment and go right on looking like the beauty it is. To learn more, write Armstrong, 304 Hunter Rd., Lancaster, Pa. 17604.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FROM THE INDOOR WORLD® OF Armstrong

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Milliken's **Flexagon** Carpet Tiles awarded **IBD** First Prize for Floor Coverings.

Once again, for the second year in a row, a major award of the prestigious Institute of Business Designers has been won by Milliken. The product honored is Flexagon, a new geometric design in Milliken's MILSTAR® Custom Squares, free-lay tiles with pile of 100% Antron® nylon. Flexagon is so versatile that, for the first time ever, an almost infinite multiplicity of patterns is provided by a single design.

Cited by the IBD for their design achievement were Daniel C. Stark, Milliken's Director of Styling and Design, and David Oakey, Designer. The award-winning design is one of a number of remarkable new patterns made possible by the revolutionary Millitron™ Computer Injection Dyeing development from Milliken Research, America's largest textile research and development organization.

If it's in the future of carpets, chances are it will come from

MILLIKEN

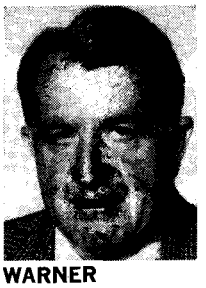
Floor Covering Business,
LaGrange Georgia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOL. XXVII, NO. 13 APRIL 11, 1975

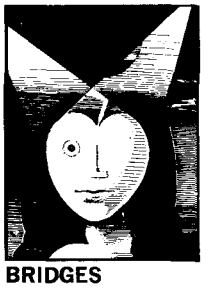
NR NATIONAL REVIEW

MOSS
Page 389

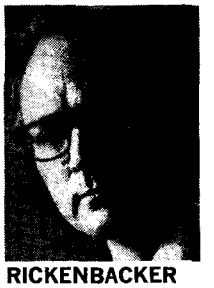


WARNER
Page 395

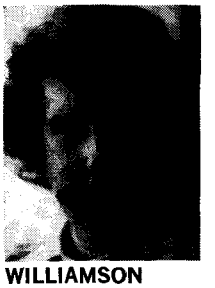
SOBRAN
Page 399



BRIDGES
Page 400



RICKENBACKER
Page 398



WILLIAMSON
Page 401

ARTICLES

389 **The Making of Europe's Cuba**
Even the liberal press of the Free World is beginning to penetrate the democratist cant behind which Portugal's bitter power struggle is proceeding to crisis. Yet the West is paralyzed by its own clichés. The first account in depth of how the Communists have prepared for this moment, and how they are now moving to consolidate their power.
Robert Moss

395 **Australian Lord Haw-Haw**
Wilfred Burchett invented some of the great scoops of the Fifties—like the story of U.S. germ warfare in Korea. Alas, his investigatory techniques were open to question: he assisted in torturing his sources. He and his victims recently had their day in court. (P.S.: Burchett is now in Portugal.)
Denis Warner

COLUMNS

387 **Alexandria, Asia**
The demystification of government is a good thing—up to a point. We've long since passed that point. *George F. Will*

388 **The Sleepwalkers**
That's us, while Portugal becomes the Democratic People's Republic of Portugal.
James Burnham

398 **The Edsel Program**
Sez Ford, says Rickenbacker.
William F. Rickenbacker

ARTS & MANNERS

399 **Tune of the Time**
Time is living down the character that made it famous in the Luce years—discarding quirks, humor, and good sense.
M. J. Sobran Jr.

400 **Hard Act to Follow**
The Royal Shakespeare Company is royally Shakespearean in *Love's Labour's Lost.*
Linda Bridges

401 **All in Your Family**
Norman Lear's long-runner laughs at Archie while reaffirming his values.
Chilton Williamson Jr.

BOOKS

403 Ever heard of William Gerhardie? You *haven't?* *D. Keith Mano*

405 Peter Berger's *Pyramids of Sacrifice* casts a cold eye on Progress.
Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

406 *The Hundred Days to Hitler* is just another rehash of the Hitler industry's staple.
Norbert Muhlen

407 If George Meany is smart, he'll read *Bargaining at the Local Level,* and won't tell a soul. *Reuben Maury*

408 Samuel Eliot Morison's new book on *The European Discovery of America* is partly flawed by polemicism, but stands as a monument to the great Magellan.
Peter P. Witonski

370 **Letters**
374 **For the Record**
376 **The Week**
405 **Random Notes**
414 **On the Right**
416 **Trans-O-Gram**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*

William A. Rusher *Publisher*

James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
James Burnham/Jeffrey Hart

Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*
Daniel Oliver *Executive Editor*
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Elsie B. Meyer *Assistant Editor*
Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*

Contributing Editors
W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton/Will Herberg
James Jackson Kilpatrick
D. Keith Mano/Malachi B. Martin
Gerhart Niemeyer/Alan Reynolds
William F. Rickenbacker
Francis Russell/M. J. Sobran Jr.
George F. Will

Associates
Carol B. Learsy
Kevin Lynch/Jane Buckley Smith
Timothy J. Wheeler

Robin Wu *Research Director*
Agatha S. Dowd *Research Consultant*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Barbara A. Devlin *Production Editor*
John K. Syze *Circulation Manager*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / C. D. Batchelor
Ruth Berenson / Colm Brogan
David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
Jack Chatfield/Miles Copeland
John R. Coyne Jr./Guy Davenport
Anthony R. Dolan/Neal Freeman
Victor Gold/Henry Hazlitt
Elspeth Huxley
John Kiley / Suzanne La Follette
Jared C. Lobdell
Vincent Miller / Ferdinand Mount
Stefan T. Possony / Morrie Ryskind
William S. Schlamm / Ralph de Toledano
Charles Wallen Jr.
Auberon Waugh/Chilton Williamson Jr.
Peter P. Witonski/Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*

*

Letters

Floating with the Tide

As I read John Chamberlain's article, "Ford's Hundred Days" [March 28], I began to wonder whether the chief characteristic of Presidents nowadays isn't an inability to see what is obvious to everyone else. There seems to be something about the vastness of the job, combined with the cushioning provided by one's staff, that keeps modern Presidents (Ford is by no means the only offender) from seeing the world directly.

Actually, the brilliant cover on that issue of *NR* was a better depiction of what Ford should be doing than what he is doing. As Mr. Chamberlain points out, in one area after another (taxes and deficits, oil, Indochina, defense) Ford seems resigned to floating with the tide. Granted, it's difficult to see what he *could* do with this recalcitrant Congress; but if he attempted a more paradigmatic rhetoric, he would at least help those who want to fight the Zeitgeist but have trouble finding the battlefield.

New Haven, Conn. FREDERICK ELLIOT

Abzug, Mano

What in heaven's name was D. Keith Mano's purpose in denigrating the Orange County Community College ["Abzug," March 14]? Because, as part of a series, Congresswoman Abzug spoke on that campus?

Too bad you didn't "hear" those of us in that audience who were not applauding, Mr. Mano. I personally have arguments against Abzug, but, even though I'm one of those "hicks" you referred to, I wouldn't stoop to ad hominem argument, as you certainly did.

May I suggest you take a course at OCCC that would teach you about logical fallacies such as ad hominem argument?

It's your obvious hate that frightens me.

Middletown, N.Y. GEORGE F. SHEPARD

Many thanks for your thoughtful, albeit angry letter. No, I didn't hear those in the audience who weren't applauding. How could I? You will admit that the response to Bella's demagogy was fierce and enthusiastic. Silence didn't have much chance. I'm glad you didn't applaud. But you might have done more than that.

As to the ad hominem remarks (yo are quite right not to say ad feminam) it would be cruel to mock, say, FDR fc his wheelchair. But Bella Abzug rejoice in, she emphasizes, her vulgarity. And announces something extremely central t our new politics: an end to civility an reason. It is akin to what the New Le meant at Columbia in 1968 when the chanted "Up against the wall, MF": tha is, standards of politeness, of reasonabl discourse, no longer need apply. We hav had a play, a movie, indeed a cult o Lenny Bruce, who was nothing more tha a third-rate standup comedian, for th same reasons.

A vote for Bella Abzug is not merel a vote for her politics, it is a vote for he style. And style, though you may no realize it, has far greater influence o men's minds than reason ever has had Style is propaganda, style is sensation style appears on the Eleven O'Cloc News.

Now, let's be fair, 60 per cent of m article had to do with reason. You say you "personally have arguments against Abzug." Why didn't I hear you at OCCC Mr. Shepard? Why wasn't your hand raised? I know why. Because you realized what the audience response would be and you knew that it was a waste of time to invoke reason. You may accuse me of ad hominem remarks, but from one Orange County Republican to another (one "hick" to another), I must indict you for your silence.

I do not hate Bella Abzug. Frankly, I have a very healthy fear of her.

Blooming Grove, N.Y. D. KEITH MANO

Correction

Some slippage between typewriter and printer's ink resulted in two numbers' being transposed in "Buying Unemployment" ["The Week," March 28]. Instead of "58 per cent of those laid off are rehired by the same firm," it should read 85 per cent. Instead of "the 29 per cent of households earning more than $15,000 received 82 per cent of the benefits," it should be 28 per cent. —A.R.

(Continues on page 373)

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1975.

Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015; Articles: Daniel Oliver; Arts & Manners: M. J. Sobran Jr., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

RATES: *$27.00 a year ($15.00 for the 48-page issues, and $12.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $3.00 for other foreign subscriptions.*

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA'S MOST COLORFUL COLUMNIST FINALLY GETS THE BIOGRAPHY HE DESERVES

He was hailed, and damned, as the most influential columnist in the English-speaking world. For a dozen years with Scripps-Howard and 18 with Hearst, Westbrook Pegler was just that.

Pegler had a way with words that made him irresistibly readable, even to the readers who considered him outrageous. But by his death in 1969, he was remembered mostly as the scold who had lampooned Franklin ("Old Moosejaw") and Eleanor ("La Boca Grande") Roosevelt.

He was much more—as any lover of great American writing will affirm. In a generation that gave us Mencken and Broun, Pegler had few peers and no betters. Finis Farr shows us the pugnacious cub who tangled with Black Jack Pershing . . . the craftsman who pioneered a new style of sports writing and column writing . . . the colorful world of New York newsrooms and editorial offices from the 20s through the 50s. Pegler's own writing, reproduced here in abundance, enlivens the narrative at every turn.

Mr. Farr's research for this major biography took him to an unlikely spot: West Branch, Iowa—site of the Herbert Hoover Memorial Library. There, in 36 big packing cases, sat the Pegler papers, donated by the family and opened to Mr. Farr with its permission. Never used before, they provide a mine of new information on this giant of journalism.

- **illustrated with 18 photographs**
- **scores of delicious excerpts from Pegler's greatest columns**
- **handsome endpaper montages of Pegler columns**

Finis Farr is the distinguished biographer of Frank Lloyd Wright, Jack Johnson, Margaret Mitchell, Franklin D. Roosevelt and John O'Hara. He has also written a spy novel and a history of Chicago, and has contributed dramatic scripts for radio and television on the three major networks. Periodicals in which he has appeared include *Esquire, Ladies Home Journal, Town & Country, McCall's, Cosmopolitan, Saturday Evening Post, Sports Illustrated, National Review* and *American Heritage*. Of this new book, Mr. Farr says simply: "This is my best."

The inside scoop on the man once described as "possessor of the most articulate growl in the nation"

- The Catholic priest who may have kept Pegler from becoming a socialist
- Early literary influences
- Sports writer "Bud" Pegler, and fur-clad Yale football fans who "rose as one raccoon"
- His first week as a general columnist. Peg defends a lynching but complains that its "purity . . . was fouled up by the endorsement of a politician"
- Early praise for FDR—and even for Eleanor as "America's greatest woman"
- A fight between the King of Kings and the Bum of Bums. William Randolph Hearst becomes "the leading American Fascist" —and later Pegler's employer
- The ideological split with Heywood Broun, who now became "Old Bleeding Heart"
- Introducing George Spelvin, American
- Reporting at its best: Pegler's exposes of racketeers in movieland unions (which won him a Pulitzer), FDR and son Elliott as a con team, Henry Wallace and the "guru letters"
- Quentin Reynolds' successful libel suit—"the turning of the hinge that set Pegler's life on its decline"
- The "fundamental objection to authority that had always motivated his will and directed his talent"
- The most popular column Pegler ever wrote
- His last pathetic years

SAVE $8.95

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB
165 Huguenot St.
New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801

Please send FREE **Fair Enough: The Life of Westbrook Pegler** by Finis Farr and accept my membership in the Conservative Book Club—the only book club expressly for political conservatives. I agree to buy 3 books from among the more than 150 to be offered in the next 15 months, after which I may resign at any time. I will be offered books on politics, investing, social issues, religion, economics, conservative ideas, Communism, history, etc. Membership entitles me to a free subscription to the Club Bulletin, which brims with news of interest to conservatives. I am eligible to buy Club books at discounts of 20% to 89% plus shipping. If I want the monthly Selection I do nothing; it will come automatically about one month later. If I don't want the Selection, or I prefer one of the Alternates, I merely inform you on the handy form always provided. I'll be offered a new Selection every 4 weeks—13 times a year. **NR—557**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ I don't care to join the Club but I enclose $8.95 for **Fair Enough: The Life of Westbrook Pegler.** Please send postpaid. 30-day return privilege.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Joel Sartorius, higher education included the roof of San Marco.

That's Joel in the middle.

And that's the roof of San Marco cathedral he's standing on, high above the canals and gondolas of Venice.

Last year Joel went to Italy to study its art, as one of 59 young men and women on ITT International Fellowships.

Like Joel, about half of the ITT Fellows were Americans studying abroad. The others were foreign students in America. All were graduates, their sights already firmly fixed on careers.

In Joel's case, it's a career in teaching. And what he learned about Italy and its people should be a big help to him as a teacher.

The people he met learned something about him, too.

And about us Americans.

And that opportunity for mutual understanding—as much as any scholastic goals—is what these ITT Fellowships are all about.

They not only teach people for a career, they teach people about people.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Contined from page 370)

lo Uncertain Terms

he commentary on the Edelin trial The Week," March 14] calls for a few bservations.

1. "No anti-abortion libertarian . . . has ver offered a better reason for his posi- on than his own uncertainty." What is iat sentence supposed to mean? Liber- irians reject in no uncertain terms the osition of an unnamed religious organ- :ation that "Life begins at the moment f conception."

2. Blackbirds. Libertarians take no re- ponsibility for the *New York Times*. The *NYT* itself would doubtless make the haracteristic retort that most anti-abor- ionists do not seem overly concerned vith the "right to life" of Vietnamese, etc. So's your old man!"

3. ". . . whether with technical legality eing a secondary point . . ." Now the eal motive for the Edelin trial appears: 'The law be damned!" As conservatives iever tired of pointing out to the bomb- hrowing Left in the Sixties, however, error is a game two can play.

4. Edelin's dedication to minorities is sneered at. It is interesting to note, how- ever, that while the black community supported Dr. Edelin, those showing the greatest concern for the nonviable black 'etus came from the same segments of he population as those who threw rocks it black children in school buses.

5. A fetus does not "move" or "kick" until it attains viability. The Court has left to the states the right to make laws protecting viable fetuses.

Boston, Mass. HUGO S. CUNNINGHAM

1. Both the deletion and the misquotation affect NR*'s point. We wrote: "No abortion libertarian who has come under our inspection . . ." The sentence means: the only general justification for abortion we heard is that "we" (i.e., abortion advocates) don't know whether a human fetus is human. That was true when we wrote; but lo, here is an authoritative primate of the Libertarian Church come to tell us what libertarians reject in No Uncertain Terms: namely, the Roman Catholic position. Thanks for telling us. Now that he has told us he is certain, perhaps he will tell us what he is certain of. In denying the affirmative, does he mean to affirm the contrary? Does he know the difference?*

2. Fair enough. But we did not hold Mr. Cunningham responsible for the Times' *editorial, any more than we hold the* Times *responsible for Mr. Cunningham's letter.*

3. We made the relevant legal distinctions. Our point here was that even if the law should acquit Edelin, he was an odd hero for pro-abortionists, having done something abhorrent on the face of it,

(Continues on page 410)

The possible dream.

s.s. Veendam to the West Indies. 10 and 11-day cruises, 5 ports. April through November. From $595.

Sure you can take a vacation this year—maybe the best ever. For one sensible rate with no hidden costs, here's luxury and fun you thought you might have to miss. A roomy cabin, almost certainly an ocean view. Superb food, dazzling entertainment, great service with no gratuities required. Plus five of the nicest ports in the Caribbean. See your travel agent or mail the coupon.
(Rates per person, double occupancy, subject to availability. Minimum rates may not be available on all above listed sailings. The s.s. Veendam is registered in the Netherlands Antilles.)

From New York's new Passenger Ship Terminal.

10-day cruises, Friday departures. To San Juan, St. Thomas, St. Bart's, St. Maarten, Bermuda. Apr. 25, May 16, June 6: $595 to $1050. June 27, July 18, Aug. 8: $630 to $1115. Aug. 29, Sept. 19, Oct. 10, 31, Nov. 21: $595 to $1050.

11-day cruises, Monday departures. To San Juan, St. Maarten, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Thomas. May 5, 26, June 16: $655 to $1155. July 7, 28, Aug. 18: $695 to $1225. Sept. 8, 29, Oct. 20, Nov. 10: $655 to $1155.

No fuel surcharges or price increases after you book.

Holland America Cruises,
Two Pennsylvania Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10001
Tel: (212) 760-3880
or toll-free at (800) 221-6657

Please send me information on Veendam West Indies Cruises from New York.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
My travel agent is_____

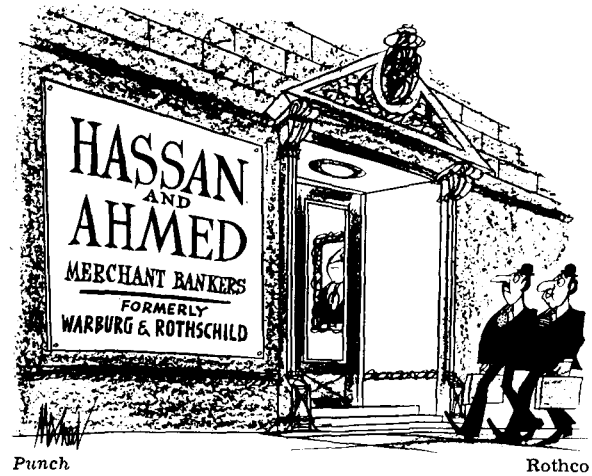
You may never want to get off.

Holland America Cruises

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Consternation within leadership of Italian Communist Party over recent banning of **Christian Democrats** in the Portuguese elections (if, indeed, they are held). The Italian CP has spent much of last two years in trying to edge its way into coalition with the dominant Christian Democratic Party. Christian Democratic leader **Amintore Fanfani** had ruled out such a step: the goals of the Christian Democrats and the Communists are not compatible, he said. . . . In France the far-left *Le Nouvel Observateur* reports that Algeria's **Houari Boumédienne** (of all people) is urging the **Portuguese Armed Forces Movement** to go slow—strike a position between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. . . . On March 24, the Portuguese rulers were reported to have rejected suggestion raised in the Communist weekly *Avante* that all outgoing press dispatches be censored; Communist employees in hotels are reported to be censoring outgoing telex messages on their own. . . . Some speculation that the ill-timed and thoroughly unprofessional attempted coup of March 11, which led to **Gen. Spínola**'s flight, might have been triggered by March 10 statement of President **Francisco da Costa Gomes**: "I think that the dynamic action of the Portuguese Communist Party is indispensable for the building of Portugal."



Punch Rothco

"If you can't beat 'em . . ."

■ **Lou Harris** poll taken for the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations in December, but just released, points to swift rise of **isolationist sentiment** in the U.S. It finds that only 34 per cent of the people would favor use of American arms if Russia took over **West Berlin**, only 27 per cent if the Arabs were to defeat **Israel** in a future war. It was only in the event of an invasion of **Canada** that a majority would approve armed intervention by the U.S. . . . Another recent survey, by Yankelovich, Skelly, and Wright, indicates that 59 per cent of the people feel charges against the **CIA** have "been inflated out of all proportion"; only 29 per cent believe the Agency may have broken the law. . . . **David Phillips**, chief of CIA Latin American operations, is taking early retirement in order to head an organization of ex-employees that will defend the Agency against attack. "More and more of our agents and friends," he says, "people who cooperate on the basis of ideology, are saying thanks but no thanks. The **Marchettis** and the **Agees** [authors of the two major anti-CIA books] have the stage and only a few challenge them." . . . According to the well informed "Book Business" column in *Book World*, **Warner Paperback Library**, which was about to buy the American rights to Agee's book, *CIA Diary: Inside the Company*, has backed out of the deal "apparently because Warner's insurance company would not cover the risks involved."

■ When antibusing demonstrators from Boston visited Congressman **Michael Harrington** (D., Mass.) a couple of weeks ago, he told them he would continue to vote for busing ("I will do nothing to begin to undo what has been done to correct the greatest disgrace in our nation's history" and challenged them to get rid of him—if they can—next election day. . . . The Boston chapter of the NAACP is calling a march in Boston on May 17 to support busing. Attending will be: Congressmen **Ronald Dellums** (D., Calif.), **Parren Mitchell** (D., Md.), and **Bella Abzug** (D., N.Y.); also **Kenneth Clark**, of the New York Board of Regents, **Gloria Steinem** of *Ms.*, and cartoonist **Jules Feiffer**. . . . The Boston School Committee, eight months later, reports 10,000 students, of the 94,000 who enrolled in September, have dropped out of the system.

■ Good news, bad news dept.: The Supreme Court has agreed to let stand the contempt of court convictions of attorney **William Kunstler** and defendants **Abbie Hoffman**, **Jerry Rubin**, and **David Dellinger** in the tumultuous Chicago 8 trial of 1970, Judge **Julius Hoffman** presiding. In Kunstler's case this could lead to disciplinary action against him in the New York bar. Kunstler is now defending a number of Attica rioters. . . . Bad news: A resolution by **Richard Ichord** (D., Mo.) and **John Ashbrook** (R., Ohio) to earmark $300,000 of the Justice Department's budget for antisubversive work has been defeated by a 206 to 169 vote.

■ **Spring fever at Princeton**: The undergraduates (45 per cent of them, that is) have voted 4 to 1 in favor of boycotting all lettuce (but not grapes, particularly those that end up in Gallo wine bottles) not picked by the United Farm Workers. The vote is not binding, so bring on the BLTs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How high do Americans rate their community institutions?

To find out, we've asked the Roper researchers to conduct nine national polls since 1959.

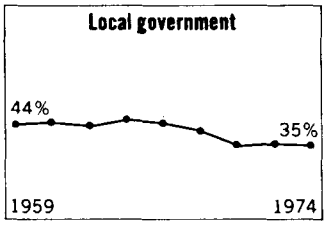
The results focus on what many of us have known—that these have been years of disenchantment for many Americans.

One community institution, however, earns higher marks today than ever before on Roper's yardstick: Seventy-one percent of those most recently surveyed consider television's performance to be "excellent" or "good."

Perhaps it's because viewers like television's range of entertainment, its increased coverage of local and national news, its unmatched believability. They've seen the world by satellite, and their children are enjoying and learning from new programs for young viewers.

For Mr. Roper's 32-page booklet on the public's attitudes toward television and other media, 1959-74, send 50 cents to Television Information Office at the address below.

Television is working to earn still higher grades by being responsive to your needs. We hope the programs listed below will help.



The Runaways. Adventure drama of a boy and a leopard. Tuesday, April 1 (8:30-10 pm).

The Confessions of Dick Van Dyke. A look at the funny side of fear. Thursday, April 3 (8-9 pm).

CBS Children's Film Festival. Black Mountain; Strange Holiday; Lucy and the Miracles; Mauro the Gypsy; Lone Wolf; A Member of the Family; Giant Eel. Saturdays, April 5, 26; May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (1-2 pm).

The Wonderful World of Disney. Kids is Kids; Wild Geese Calling; One Day at Teton Marsh; My Dog the Thief, Parts I and II; Yellowstone Cubs; Return of the Big Cat, Parts I and II. Sundays, April 6, 13, 20, 27; May 4, 11, 18, 25 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Income Tax. NBC News special on federal tax laws. Sunday, April 6 (10-11 pm).

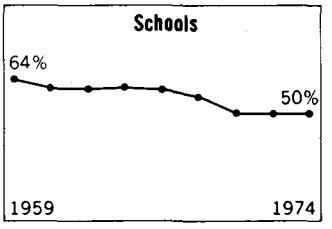
Prairie Lawyer. Sandburg's Lincoln—Lincoln faces Douglas in murder trial. With Hal Holbrook. Monday, April 7 (8-9 pm).

Academy Awards. Oscar awards, live from Hollywood. Tuesday, April 8 (10 pm-12 midnight).

ABC Afterschool Special. Cyrano; The Crazy Comedy Concert. Wednesday, April 9; May 28 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Happy Endings. Short plays by Jules Feiffer, Herb Gardner, Neil Simon, Peter Stone. Thursday, April 10 (10-11 pm).

What's the Senate All About? CBS News special for children. Saturday, April 12 (1-1:30 pm).



I Will Fight No More Forever. ABC Theatre —Drama about the Nez Percé tribe's battle against being confined to a reservation. Monday, April 14 (8-10 pm).

Yitzhak Rabin. Action Biography of Israel's Prime Minister. Tuesday, April 15 (10-11 pm).

The Unwanted. Story of Irish immigration to America in 1840's. Wednesday, April 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Law. Last of three-part series. Wednesday, April 16 (10-11 pm).

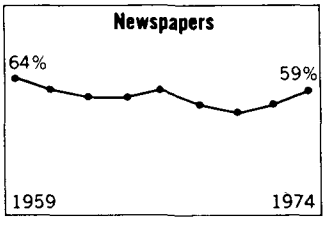
First Ladies' Diaries: Rachel Jackson. Biography of wife of Andrew Jackson. Friday, April 18 (1:30-3 pm).

Julie—My Favorite Things. Julie Andrews with Peter Sellers, the Muppets. Friday, April 18 (9-10 pm).

Lawyers: Guilty as Charged? ABC News Closeup—Critical look at ethics and fees of the legal profession. Saturday, April 19 (8-9 pm).

Woman of the Year, 1975. Third annual program honoring outstanding women. Saturday, April 19 (10-11:30 pm).

Meet the Press. Heads of six major corporations are interviewed in extended program. Sunday, April 20 (12 noon-1 pm).



Tony Awards. Recognizing achievement in the theatre. Sunday, April 20 (9-11 pm).

QB VII. Dramatization of Leon Uris novel. Tuesday, April 22 (8:30-11 pm); Wednesday, Thursday, April 23, 24 (9-11 pm).

Danny Kaye's Look-In at the Metropolitan Opera. CBS Festival of Lively Arts for Young People on producing an opera. Sunday, April 27 (5-6 pm).

A Shooting Gallery Called America. NBC News special probes sale of handguns. Sunday, April 27 (10-11 pm).

Magnificent Monsters of the Deep. A dedicated doctor protects whales. Wednesday, April 30 (8-9 pm).

The Great Migration: Year of the Wildebeest. Story of annual stampede of African animals. Monday, May 5 (8-9 pm).

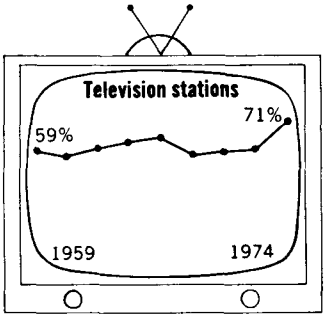
What is Noise? What is Music? New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Saturday, May 10 (5-6 pm).

Emmy Awards. Honoring excellence in television. Monday, May 19 (9 pm-concl.).

A Moon for the Misbegotten. ABC Theatre —Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, Ed Flanders in O'Neill drama. Tuesday, May 27 (8:30-11 pm).

Congress and the CIA. ABC News Closeup explores relationship between the Congress and CIA. Friday, May 30 (10-11 pm).

A Girl Named Sooner. Drama of girl raised in Indiana by eccentric old woman. With Lee Remick, Cloris Leachman, Richard Crenna, Don Murray, Anne Francis, Susan Deer. Wednesday, June 18 (8-10 pm).



REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester, CBS Morning News/The Today Show/ AM America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/ Electric Company/Zoom/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/ Yogi's Gang/Emergency + 4/Land of the Lost/Valley of the Dinosaurs/Sigmund and the Sea Monsters/Korg: 70,000 B.C.!/Star Trek/Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show/ Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine/These are the Days/GO/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/CBS Children's Film Festival/The Reasoner Report/Weekend

Sunday: U.S. of Archie/In the News/ Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/ Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/ Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/ The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/ Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Specials/ Weekend

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ And an honorable mention to Sissy Farenthold for compiling a list of "44 Women Who Could Save America" if they were appointed to real or proposed Cabinet posts. Her choices include Margaret Mead for Secretary of Agriculture, Representative Patsy Mink for Secretary of Peace, Representative Elizabeth Holtzman on the Supreme Court, Gloria Steinem for Secretary of Women's Affairs (better reword that one, dear), and of course Bella Abzug as Secretary of Defense. Mrs. Farenthold may or may not save America as planned, but at least she's launched a swell new parlor game. Patty Hearst for head of the FBI. Jane Fonda for Roving Goodwill Ambassador. Annabella (Fanne Foxe) Battistella for Chief of Protocol. Angela Davis for the Department of Corrections. Harriet Van Horne for . . .

■ In March 1972, riding a wave of popular enthusiasm and responding to a spectacular lobbying campaign by the militant wing of the Women's Liberation Movement, Congress voted the Equal Rights Amendment and, as the Constitution prescribes, submitted it for ratification by three-fourths (38) of the states. Riding the same wave and responding to the same prodding, 33 states ratified within a year and a half. But the Founding Fathers believed that government should rest not on passing fashions or whims but on the "deliberate sense" of the people. It was with this principle in mind that they laid down the rule that a change in the Constitution would have to work its passage through the slow, awkward process of approval by the state legislatures. And the people's "deliberate sense" seems to have pulled back in the matter of ERA. In the past year, only one additional state has ratified ERA, seven have turned it down, and three have voted (as some scholars claim they cannot constitutionally do) to annul their previous ratifications. The ERA may get on the books some day, but at any rate the nation has time to draw its breath and take a second look.

■ "Why do our radicals celebrate foreign police states?" The question was raised in the Sunday *New York Times* by an editor of the Arts and Leisure section, Walter Goodman. His subject was the propaganda film, with special reference to recent travelogues by such globetrotters as Shirley MacLaine and Jane Fonda. Thus of Miss MacLaine's China flick: "Now one knows from Miss MacLaine's public record that if she discovered that American children were being 'programed'; . . . that they were subjected to paramilitary training from a very tender age; that their most intimate relationships were being manipulated by the state for the state's interests; that they were being taught to worship a man-god [imagine huge portraits of Richard Nixon adorning the walls of our great buildings] and to repeat, by rote and in unison ["Long live Chairman Nixon!"], tag ends of an ideology which they can scarcely comprehend—she would be among the first to protest. Yet what she would condemn in her own country is counted an achievement when it is done to the Chinese." *To* the Chinese, mind you. Not *for*, *by*, or *among* the Chinese. A pregnant preposition if there ever was one. "Can this be anthropological relativism, or the latest thing in radical racism? Is Miss MacLaine mischievous or only simple?" Maybe mischievously simple. As for Mr. Goodman, his whole essay makes one wish there were a Pulitzer Prize for horse sense.

■ Ever since the automobile was invented, people have been trying to get better mileage, but Detroit auto makers, while claiming they were trying to boost gas mileage, have yet to produce a Cadillac that gets the mileage of a Volkswagen. Washington was patient, but it has very rightly decided to take the matter into its own hands. Russell Train, head of the Environmental Protection Agency, recently issued an ultimatum to the auto industry: increase gas mileage by 40 per cent within the next five years—or else the government will be forced, in Mr. Train's inimitable phrase, to "move rapidly to a mandatory approach." Stop pussyfooting, Train. Order Detroit to make its cars run on water.

■ The Administration is bracing for an inflationary reaction from Congress to two facts. One is that unemployment, which held steady at 8.2 per cent, is going up perhaps to 9 per cent when the next statistics come out. The second fact is that the inflation rate is declining, at least a bit, giving Congress an easy conscience about spending even more to stimulate the economy.

■ Earl Warren had a happy and busy retirement, writes his friend Alden Whitman in the April *Esquire*. "He was rarely idle, and never, never stuffy." Warren told Whitman that Richard Nixon ("Tricky," as he unstuffily called him) was "a cheat, a liar, and a crook." Okay. But how about Warren's successor, Warren Burger? "A horse's ass." Do you think, Whitman asked, the "Nixon-appointed judicial midgets" will dismantle the "accomplishments" of your Court? "They'll try, that I'm certain," Warren replied, "but in the long run the American people won't stand for a Court that would take them back to the days when it was possible to ask, 'What's the Constitution between friends?' " Old Earl the Churl never was one for judicial restraint.

■ Sometime before the end of the year President Ford will journey to Peking. Between now and then the decision will be made whether or not to establish formal diplomatic ties with Red China and to make the break with Chiang Kai-shek that Peking demands as a pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Stake in the Portuguese Revolution

From a statement issued March 21 by Senator James L. Buckley:

THE Communist drive for the conquest of Portugal confronts the United States and our NATO allies with the most profound crisis since the end of World War II. . . .

The Communist drive in Portugal cannot make any pretense of being a "national liberation movement." Locally it is a drive for a Communist monopoly of power designed to accomplish a Marxist social revolution. The relation of the Portuguese Communist Party to the Soviet Union confirms that from a strategic standpoint, Communist domination of Portugal is the equivalent to Soviet domination. The Soviet fishing fleet, with its accompanying electronic intelligence vessels, has already been granted refueling rights on the Portuguese island of Madeira. Portuguese territory will be granted to Soviet ships.

If this Communist drive to power should succeed and be consolidated, the strategic implications for the West will be these: The Soviet Navy will acquire basing rights that will render the Mediterranean untenable to the U.S. Sixth Fleet. Communist—and by extension, Soviet—control of the Azores will deny the United States basing facilities essential to the airlifting of military supplies to the Middle East, while dramatically restricting existing surveillance of the deployment of Soviet submarines in the Atlantic. Soviet submarines based in Portugal will threaten the sea lanes connecting the United States and its West European NATO allies, who will in effect find themselves squeezed in a strategic vise between Communist East Europe and a communized Portugal. . . .

With this clear and very nearly catastrophic danger, where are the leaders of this country and Western Europe hiding? There is nothing else now going on in the world—not in Southeast Asia, not even in the Middle East—half so important, and so ominous, as the Communist drive to power in Portugal.

I believe that the place for our Secretary of State—and foreign advisor to our President—in this situation is at the command center. I urge Secretary Kissinger to delegate his shuttle service to one of his able and qualified associates, and to return here for urgent consultation and decisions. I urge the President to take a sufficient recess from his legislative problems and his speaking tours to ponder and decide what is to be done in this Portuguese emergency.

I do not underestimate the seriousness of the present situation in the Middle East, or of the important role played by Secretary Kissinger's personal diplomacy in the area. But what must be emphasized is that if Portugal is lost to the West, our Middle Eastern policies and goals become irrelevant, as we will be stripped of the power to implement them. During the October 1973 war, Portugal was the essential link in the emergency airlift to Israel. Heavily laden CS5 aircraft refueled in the Azores were able to move enormous quantities of military supplies and fuels to Israel. Aerial overflight rights are essential to the maintenance not only of cargo airlifts into the Mediterranean, but of the ferrying of tactical combat aircraft from the United States.

For the United States to support its military objectives in Europe and the Middle East, naval access to the Mediterranean Sea is essential. The United States has deployed several complete aircraft carrier task forces, submarines of both the attack and ballistic missile firing variety, and cargo vessels for support of U.S. and allied nations in the area. The limited "battle space" of the Mediterranean Sea makes it mandatory that the United States have reliable access to and from the region if we are to minimize the risk to our forces deployed there.

I cannot understand the seeming lethargy in the face of the truly world-shaking Portuguese development. I cannot believe that our Joint Chiefs of Staff and the NATO high command are as unconcerned as one might gather from the absence of public comment.

I hope that the President, Secretary Kissinger, and my colleagues who are especially concerned with these matters will in the near future make it their business to explain to the citizens the facts about what is now happening in Portugal, and the significance of a successful Communist takeover for our own and our allies' interest and security, and what might be done about them.

---

condition. A gesture of conciliation toward Taiwan from Peking seemed in order, so last week Red China staged a new ballet, *The Ballet of the Repentant War Criminals*, with a cast of 297 former Nationalist generals, civil servants, party members, and "spies from the clique of Chiang," all of whom had spent the last 26 years in Red Chinese prisons. "After a quarter of a century of captivity and ceaseless ideological indoctrination," reported the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, "the men arrayed on the benches behind Huang [the ranking Nationalist officer] displayed no obvious signs of emotion. But blank expressions on their faces notwithstanding, the *People's Daily* reported that they 'were filled with emotion and gratitude and one after another thanked Chairman Mao, the Communist Party, and the People's Government for educating, remolding, and saving them, thus enabling them to turn over a new leaf.' " They were each to be given a new suit of clothes, about $60 in cash, the chance of a job if they can still work, free medical care if they can't, and the option of going to Taiwan. Thus is life ordered in the new China where poverty, prostitutes, and opium have been banished, and compassion is an instrument of state.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Old rule of political economy: that which goes up must go up further. First the Administration said there would be "only" a $52-billion deficit in fiscal year 1976—if Congress raised some taxes that the Administration knew Congress would not raise, and if Congress made some spending cuts that Congress promptly refused to make. Then the Administration said the deficit would hit $70 billion. Now Treasury Secretary William Simon says the floor—the *floor*, not the ceiling—for the deficit will be $80 billion. And he said this before the Senate put together a tax cut proposal that would cut government revenues by $31 billion. The Senate tax bill is the most bizarre piece of special interest legislation, with a loophole for everyone, since the 1969 tax "reform" act which was passed in December 1969, and is remembered as the classic example of a "Christmas tree" bill—one decorated with a bauble for every group. The bill just passed is known as the "Easter basket" bill.

■ Conservatives have been accused of using the phrase "national security" to impart artificial respectability to projects which are not really matters involving the nation's security. Today the Democrats in Congress have their own version of that sin: they tack the word "emergency" on any bill that pleases them. Consider, for example, the "emergency" farm bill approved by the House Agriculture Committee. It would cost the government $840 million to increase price guarantees for dairy products and increase target prices for grains and cotton. When taxpayers were not shelling out the $840 million, they would be at the supermarket checkout counter shelling out an extra 8 cents a gallon for milk, an extra 10 cents a pound for cheese, an extra 20 cents a pound for butter—all told, a billion-dollar increase in total consumer spending on dairy products. Backers of the bill say there is an "emergency" need for this bill in order to (you guessed it) lower food prices. The theory is that the government forces up prices; so farmers have an incentive to produce more; so prices will fall. The trouble is that this last stage always conflicts with an "emergency" need to keep production incentives high.

■ Justice William O. Douglas, who suffered a stroke on December 31, is back at his desk in the Supreme Court building. This is at best a mixed blessing for conservative causes, but it will be helpful when the Court considers the challenge brought by Senator James Buckley and others against some recent changes in campaign financing laws. Buckley and others say that the law restricting the amounts a citizen can contribute to a campaign, and the amounts a politician can spend, are infringements of the constitutionally protected right of political expression. Douglas probably will be sympathetic to this argument.

■ The clemency program is still the flop of the Ford Administration. Since Mr. Ford extended the clemency program on February 28 fewer than 700 men have signed up with the clemency board. So far 11,628 deserters or draft evaders have signed up. An estimated 120,000 are eligible.

■ Uncle Sam—former Senator Sam Ervin (D., N.C.), that is—is still taking shots at the Equal Rights Amendment for women. He was invited to testify against what he calls "this evil measure" before the North Carolina General Assembly. He compared the U.S. Congress —unfavorably—with a North Carolina mental hospital, and said the ERA would strike down various laws requiring men to provide family support: "Some people say women don't need any such protection. But it has been my observation after many years of law practice that many women marry sorry husbands and do need protection from ornery men."

■ Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.), in his running war against what he considers waste in the National Science Foundation, now has taken aim at a $1.2-million grant to an "innovation center" at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Prox says the "innovation center" gives government funds "to college students who make inventions for personal profit." He says all patent rights for the federally sponsored inventions accrue to MIT, not to the taxpayers who paid for them. In addition, 65 per cent of the royalties from the inventions go to MIT, 35 per cent to the student inventors. Here are some of the projects that you, dear taxpayer, have funded: a scale model of an automated banana-peeling machine for use in fruit industries; an electronic guitar with strings individually controlled for volume and tone; an electronic game kit which, when attached to a television antenna, broadcasts the "game" on an ordinary TV set. Prox reports that an MIT junior got an NSF grant to develop a "programmable record turntable that rearranges the sequence of cuts on a record album. This young man was so confident of the market value of his discovery that he dropped out of the university and started his own company in order to avoid sharing profits with his alma mater." —CATO

■ On three different fronts, Communist movements are employing classic Soviet tactics, not Maoist ones. In South Vietnam Maoism lost the argument with the Tet offensive of 1968. In 1975, the commissars will ride in on the tanks, as they did in East Europe at the end of World War II. Lisbon represents a reprise of the "salami tactic" perfected in Prague in 1948. In this approach, the minority Communists gain control of one power center after another, obscuring the thrust for total power until total power is actually achieved. On the international level, "detente" represents a reprise of the post-1936 "united front" tactic. In this move, Communists seek high-level agreement with their adversaries on "practical" goals—resistance to fascism, mutually advantageous trade agreements, etc., etc. But no significant concessions of any kind are made by the Communists, and from the Communist point of view the real goal of the "united front" or "detente" tactics is to bemuse, undermine, and eventually supplant the non-Communist leaders. Interestingly enough in this context, the Portuguese Supreme Revolutionary Council has just outlawed the Portuguese Maoist party.

■ Paris, France has once again shown its heels to the world, with a new system that allows the police to collect overdue parking fines directly out of the offenders' bank accounts.

■ Betty Friedan is in the money. Mrs. (not Ms.) Friedan, authoress of *The Feminine Mystique*, has won a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Week after week, **FIRING LINE** brings the unusual combination to Television. William F. Buckley Jr. and his talkative guest. *Example:* Sunday, April 6th, the witty, articulate, CLARE BOOTHE LUCE locks horns with Bill Buckley on the most controversial and delicate of subjects—feminism. And on Sunday, April 13th, JAMES B. EDWARDS, an oral surgeon who was elected Republican governor of South Carolina (the first since Reconstruction), tells first-hand what it's like to live surrounded by Democrats.

Week after week, the one and only William F. Buckley Jr. brings you fascinating ideas and interesting personalities on Sunday night at 9:30 PM*.

TWO EXCITING SUNDAY NIGHTS!*

FIRING LINE with William F. Buckley Jr.

Sunday, April 6th
9:30-PBS Network*

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Articulates the Pros and Cons of Feminism.

*SUBJECT TO LOCAL SCHEDULING.

Sunday, April 13th
9:30-PBS Network*

GOVERNOR
JAMES B. EDWARDS

The First Republican Governor in South Carolina in 100 Years

*SUBJECT TO LOCAL SCHEDULING.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$13,300 judgment against the former Mr. Friedan for back child-support payments he agreed to make, and didn't. Mr. Friedan argued that he had signed the agreement at a moment of psychological stress, when "merely to end the matter I would almost have agreed to anything." Besides, "This is not the case of a starving mother and child; she is a world-famous woman with an income of $40,000 a year." Okay. But he signed with his eyes open. Let him pay like, if you'll pardon the expression, a man. As for the little lady, it's nice to know she doesn't take that feminism baloney too seriously.

■ The Charles Edison Memorial Youth Fund will hold its sixth annual Institute on Comparative Political and Economic Systems this summer, from June 8 to July 18, in Washington, D.C. Lecturers will include Dr. Anthony Bouscaren, Dr. George Viksnins, and Dr. Lev E. Dobriansky. Young (or other) conservatives (and even liberals) who want to attend—and take part thereby in a serious intellectual enterprise—should get in touch wtih Mrs. Kathleen Teague, Executive Secretary of the Fund, at Suite 222, 2121 P Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037; or phone her at (202) 659-9122.

■ OH WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN DEPT.: A Lenten bulletin put out by Monsignor John J. Dressel, of the Church of Christ the King in Silver Springs, Maryland, offers this counsel for the holy season: "Study the lives of great men and women such as: Mary, Gandhi, Moses, Dick Gregory, Mother Teresa, César Chavez, Pope John, Dag Hammarskhold [*sic*], Isaiah, Martin Luther King Jr., Ralph Nader, John the Baptist, Mother Seton." Self-abnegation, anyone? "Boycott Gallo wine and do not buy table grapes or lettuce unless they bear the UFW seal. . . . Plan to observe a 'poor man's Easter.' Wearing old clothes might serve as a dramatic sign of a 'new' style of life. . . . Spay your pets, feed them only grain-based food, and in the future choose fewer pets and those which consume less food." No doubt Monsignor Dressel's idea of a Black Mass would be one that included the consecration of nonunion wine.

Income Transfer

That's a euphemism, meaning
If you're making more than I,
You're a setup for a cleaning,
When the tax man passes by.

Since it's April, when he passes
Merely hold your nose and say:
"I'll support our huddled masses
Now that Britain's shown the way."

W. H. VON DREELE

Suicide of the West: Accelerating

The Nellie, *a cruising yawl, swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest. The flood had made, the wind was nearly calm, and being bound down the river, the only thing for it was to come to and wait for the turn of the tide. The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. . . . Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more somber every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun.*

Thus, at the beginning of Conrad's great story "Heart of Darkness," four friends sit in a yawl on the Thames, a moment of stillness, and the sun is setting. They await "the turn of the tide" so that they can move with it down river. Marlow chooses this moment to begin telling the story of his own journey on another river, a journey up the Congo river to the Inner Station and the brilliant but mad Mr. Kurtz. "Heart of Darkness" was written in 1898. In the person of Mr. Kurtz, Conrad had visions of terrible things to come for Europe. The sun was setting, the tide would turn, and soon it would be running rapidly down river.

During the past few years a dramatic turn of the tide appears to have occurred in the global fortunes of the United States and its allies. This March the tide began running very fast indeed.

In Southeast Asia, Soviet-supplied forces have overrun much of South Vietnam, and Cambodia seems likely to pass quickly under Communist control. In this great "transfer of power," as the liberals are calling it, the human suffering is enormous, and the political repercussions are likely to be profound. Already, anti-Communist regimes in both Thailand and the Philippines are "reevaluating" their traditional pro-U.S. orientation. No doubt they are realistic to do so, and it is inevitable that other nations will follow them: Malaysia, Indonesia, Australia. The advance of Soviet power and influence into the southern Pacific area will be rapid, and we can very likely look forward to the establishment of Soviet naval facilities there.

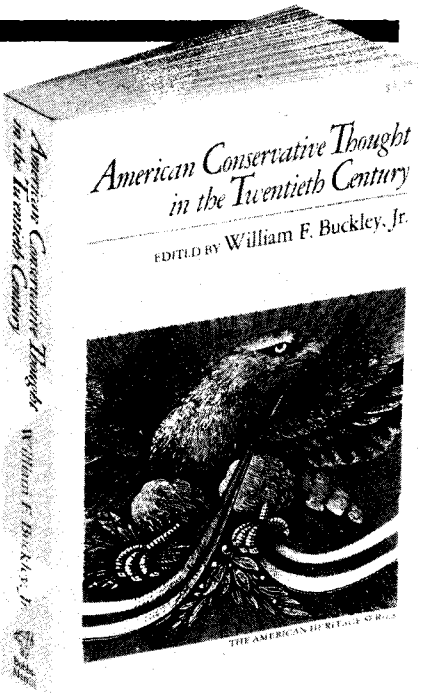
On the other side of the globe, Portugal, long a member of NATO, is sliding into Communist dictatorship; its Communist Party, moreover, is slavishly pro-Moscow. The Soviets already are negotiating for naval facilities on Madeira and, according to a January report, on the Portuguese mainland. Whether the U.S. will continue to enjoy base privileges in the Azores is of course extremely doubtful. For the Portuguese themselves, as for the South Vietnamese, these developments represent total disaster. They are moving from an authoritarian though relatively civilized regime to a totalitarian one that invades all aspects of existence.

Almost simultaneously, Henry Kissinger's efforts to move toward accommodation in the Middle East have collapsed. In part, at least, they collapsed because Israeli Prime Minister Rabin, backed by all shades of Israeli opinion, refused to rely on U.S. assurances in re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here, in this one book,

You can have at your fingertips, the best conservative writing of this century, personally selected and edited by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.!



You can have your own personal copy of this marvelous book FREE with your National Review order
(you save $3.75)!

Here is the book about conservatism that you've always wanted to own, (but, until now, simply did not exist). "American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century" puts the most perceptive and brilliant conservative thinking together in one handy volume for your quick reference. Selections include excerpts from the works of such luminaries as Frank S. Meyer, James Burnham and Whittaker Chambers. You'll also be able to draw upon the ideas of Max Eastman, Henry Hazlitt, Willmoore Kendall, Milton Friedman, plus many others. All the material in the book has been carefully selected and edited by Bill Buckley (who also wrote the fine introduction). Generally, any book on conservatism is usually confined to one particular aspect, but this book brings you a variety of subject matter and viewpoint; economics, politics, communism, philosophy, to name just a few; there is truly an incredible amount of information. "American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century" is meticulously indexed and arranged by subject. It is a landmark edition, the type of book that belongs in the collection of every NR reader (or anyone who stands to benefit from exposure to good conservative writing).

How to get a FREE copy of this book.

1. Renew your own *National Review* subscription now (new subscriptions are fine too!) at no more than the regular rate of $15 for a full year. You get the book FREE and postpaid. If you want, we'll be happy to send the book along to a friend.

2. Give NR to a friend, relative or student (we couldn't think of a *better* idea for students) at the same $15 rate. We'll send the book to the recipient or you may get it for yourself.

The card opposite this page contains full instructions on how to order. Time is of the essence: the book in short supply, so take advantage of this final opportunity to get a FREE book.

Mail the card opposite the page today!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turn for key territorial withdrawals. Even President Assad of Syria is said to have needled Kissinger about the unreliability of U.S. commitments.

The war in Vietnam was a test both of American strategic skill and of American resolve. It seems likely that historians will judge that Lyndon Johnson bungled monumentally when he gradually increased U.S. ground forces in Vietnam to a half million men, a circumstance that entailed, often, three hundred or more casualties a week—without, moreover, any prospect of actually defeating the enemy, North Vietnam. Despite Johnson's conduct of the war, it took long years before public opinion in the United States turned definitively against our Vietnam commitment. As late as 1972, Richard Nixon, in ordering the B-52s north, virtually unified a war-weary nation behind him. Air power, relentless, massive, had always been the appropriate U.S. answer to North Vietnam.

When he assumed office in January 1969, however, President Nixon chose a much more complicated and problematic course; doubtless he would have said a more sophisticated one. U.S. troops would gradually be withdrawn from Vietnam, but the ARVN forces would be greatly strengthened, and American credibility would be maintained by adequate levels of aid to the South.

From the start, Nixon knew that he was attempting a tightrope walk. In his important speech to the cadets at the Air Force Academy in June 1969, he put it clearly enough: "The underlying questions are really these: What is America's role in the world? What are the responsibilities of a great nation in protecting freedom beyond its shores? Can we ever be *left* in peace if we do not actively assume the burden of *keeping* the peace? . . . The aggressors of this world are not going to give the United States a period of grace in which to put our domestic house in order. . . . America has a vital national interest in world stability, and no other nation can uphold that interest for us. . . . We stand at a crossroads of our history."

Nixon's tightrope walk involved a set of paradoxes e.g., withdrawing U.S. troops while maintaining U.S influence, pursuing detente while remaining militarily strong. Whether Nixon's tightrope walk would have been successful we do not know. In mass democratic terms a policy of detente with Communist Moscow and Peking may be too difficult to reconcile with large military budgets and help against threatened Communist takeover for small nations willing to help themselves.

Nevertheless, it is extremely doubtful, to say the least that the North Vietnamese would have launched the present blitzkrieg if they had been obliged to face a politically unwounded, post-1972 Nixon in the White House. The Watergate affair, and the consequent backlash liberal Congress, altered all that, opening the floodgates. From that perspective, Watergate, and the way in which it was exploited, may well have been not only a national but a global disaster, and no doubt symptomatic of deep contradictions within U.S. society.

U.S. foreign policy and the structure of U.S. global relations are now a shambles. Sir Robert Thompson, the Southeast Asia expert, views the disaster there as the beginning of "the strategic surrender of the United States." If other nations now begin to conclude that the Soviet Union is a serious world power while the United States is not—a perfectly reasonable conclusion in the year 1975—then we can expect that the worst is yet to come.

Voting with Their Feet

After the overthrow of the Czar in February 1917, all Russian political parties except the Bolshevik declared their support for the war against the Kaiser "until victory." During the summer and autumn, the German armies on the eastern front were systematically destroying the ill clad, ill fed, badly led Russian armies, with enormous Russian casualties. The conscripted Russian peasants in the trenches, first in small groups, then in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waves, threw down their arms, turned around, and made their way back to their remote villages.

The Bolsheviks had got small minorities in the various elections held during the year. Lenin was challenged to produce a democratic proof that his policy of an immediate end to the war was supported by the Russian people. He replied: "They are voting with their feet."

By no means an irrelevant or trivial observation. Let us apply Lenin's rule. We have been told for many years a) that many of the South Vietnamese in their hearts regard the Vietcong as genuine national liberators, and would have given the Vietcong their support if not prevented by the despotic dictatorship of a U.S.-backed Saigon regime; and b) that virtually all of the South Vietnamese people, whatever their sentiments about the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, are so worn down by the horrors of the war that they would, if given any sort of chance, be more than glad to accept Communist rule rather than have the war continue. But again this month, as in the case of every major Communist advance in past years, the South Vietnamese people, instead of welcoming the Communists with open arms as liberators or at any rate passively accepting their presence as bringing an end to the fighting, flee before the Communist columns by the tens and hundreds of thousands—children, wives, grandparents, anyone and everyone, at whatever risk and tribulation, all seek to escape the Communist embrace. The verdict which their feet have been voting is unambiguous: they hate and fear Communism.

Last April, approximately a million Portuguese workers (like millions of Turks, Greeks, Italians, and Yugoslavs) had jobs abroad in the more advanced West European nations. They were told by all the media about the dawn of freedom, peace, prosperity, and love in their home country. They also received more private word from their family and friends at home, and from their own instinctive antennae. And this April there are approximately that same million Portuguese workers in those foreign nations, plus some thousands more. Very few have gone home, in spite of so melodious a siren call. Those Portuguese workers, too, would seem to be voting with their feet.

Limits of Diplomacy

Secretary Kissinger's spectacularly successful 1974 performance on the Mideast shuttle was a tour de force, and it is seldom possible to bring off a tour de force twice. It was probably a mistake for him to try the same act again; it would have been more prudent to leave this year's supercourier flights to more traditional diplomatic handling by others than the Foreign Minister.

It would be wrong, however, to blame Mr. Kissinger for the suspension, and maybe collapse, of the negotiations—just as it would be wrong for President Ford, or for the Secretary of State, to try to shift blame exclusively onto the shoulders of Congress, as they have shown some tendency to be doing. When there has been bad trouble, looking for a scapegoat is an almost irresistible human temptation, but it doesn't get us very far toward either understanding the past or doing better in the future.

Henry Kissinger had the misfortune, after his first couple of years on the job, of being designated a miracle man. The truth is that miracles don't happen in diplomacy, and if they did, it would not be diplomats who wrought them. In the last analysis, a diplomat—even the most brilliant and creative of diplomats—is a broker, not a principal. He must function in terms of the situation that is given: population and geography; the equilibrium of power and wealth; the character and mind of the sovereign chiefs of his own and the other sides. His talents, charm, and endurance will enable him to exploit the given situation more or less skillfully for his side—and perhaps sometimes for a wider interest—but there is a limit, and usually a rather narrow limit, to what he can accomplish, however brilliant (and lucky) he may be. The limit has shrunk to a much smaller dimension than even a year and a half ago under pressure of the historical tide discussed elsewhere in this section ("Suicide of the West: Accelerating"). Mr Kissinger came up against the limit on this occasion, and for the time being there was nothing further for him to do, so he very sensibly came home.

No Blood on the Times' Hands

The *New York Times* reporters in Cambodia have been doing their best to assure readers that the sooner the Lon Nol regime is ended, the better off Cambodians will be. In a March 12 dispatch from Phnom Penh, *Times*man Sydney Schanberg dismissed Ford Administration claims that the Communists would massacre their opponents when they took power. According to Mr. Schanberg, the Cambodian "insurgents," as most of the U.S. press now calls the Communists, plan to execute only seven high officials of the Lon Nol government: "everyone else who switches to the insurgent side will be pardoned."

In a dispatch the next day from Phnom Penh, *Times* reporter David Andelman also discussed the question of Communist reprisals. He could find only one person who believed there was a possibility they would take place. The vast majority of the Cambodian people, he said, "do not voice any concern about such issues as the shape of a peace or possible postwar reprisals."

While the *Times* reporters weigh the possibility of massacres some time in the future, other reporters in other papers have written of Communist massacres that have already occurred. Evans and Novak wrote that in July of 1974, according to reports from Cambodian refugees and Communist soldiers who have defected, Communist troops massacred 900 men, women, and children. NATIONAL REVIEW has previously reported (January 31,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1975) a Communist massacre at Ang Snuol in which 52 Cambodians were murdered. According to another report, on January 19 the Communists bayoneted ten civilians at a refugee village near Phnom Penh.

These reporters and the million or so Cambodian refugees seem to have access to sources unavailable to Messrs. Schanberg and Andelman.

Petrodollars Are Dollars

Major oil exporting countries took in $113 billion last year. It seems that there is nothing they can do with the money that would please their Western critics. Buying commodities is condemned as inflationary speculation; buying arms or nuclear power plants is viewed as ominously militaristic; investing in short term assets is considered a threat to Western banking, and longer term investments are described as a "takeover" or "invasion." Though Arab spending is thus considered undesirable, withholding Arab spending through the blacklist is somehow even worse—and quite unlike our own boycott of Rhodesia. The infusion of petrodollars is a threat to the banks, but keeping petrodollars out of certain banks is an intolerable indignity.

Worries about a massive Arab takeover of U.S. companies are clearly exaggerated. Foreign investments here are subject to our laws, and there have long been limits on foreign ownership in communications and strategic industries. The Arabs are timid investors in any case, and are not about to provoke expropriation by grabbing control of any important company.

Senator Harrison Williams wants to give the President discretionary authority to stop foreign investors from buying more than 5 per cent of any big U.S. corporation. The limit is so restrictive it could easily be damaging to our own economy. First of all, any such restriction on how dollars can be used makes dollars less attractive relative to other currencies, and possibly contributes to the decline of the dollar. It would be profitable for oil producers to cut production if the expected rate of earnings on dollar investments did not exceed the expected rate of increase in the price of oil. Making investment of dollars less profitable would therefore make the OPEC cartel more viable. Secondly, a nationalistic approach to foreign investments in this country (such as Nestlé, Shell Oil, or Bayer aspirin) could provoke similar retaliation against U.S. investments abroad. This would hurt the same multinational companies that are to be "protected" from infusions of Arab capital. Shrinking the area in which resources flow freely is never desirable from the point of view of economic efficiency. Finally, we need to encourage an inflow of foreign capital to balance the outflow of dollars for oil imports, and also to provide funds for our domestic capital markets, which will be badly strained by the financing of massive federal deficits.

The Arabs have managed to make the ethnic slur respectable in liberal circles. One can say things about the Arabs that would sound petty and parochial if applied to Venezuelans or Canadians. There may be a need to tighten some laws, but an unpredictable discretionary authority to ban foreign investments would simply make this country a relatively unattractive place to invest. That might protect established firms from new competition, which is probably the point, but it would also prevent the additional flow of goods and services that such investments could provide.

Kingman Brewster, His Soliloquy

The Feds: who thought I'd stoop to scream, "The Feds!"
Like some demented, raving right wing nut?
Yet here at holy Yale their power spreads,
And in my sanctuaries small men strut.
I lie like Gulliver in Lilliput;
Whoever *dreamed* their money meant control?
I tell you truly, that's the cruelest cut:
I specified "largesse"—they sent a dole.
Well, dammit, Yale was really in a hole;
Alumni giving isn't what it was.
I got some solons by the buttonhole,
And . . . isn't that what everybody does?
Tears stain my blazer singing Boola-Boola
But tables down at Mory's take my moola.

W. H. VON DREELE

Harold Wilson's Referendum

Fulfilling a campaign pledge, Harold Wilson is submitting the question of Britain's continued membership in the European Economic Community (Common Market) to a popular referendum to be held in June. In the public debate that is warming up and will probably become very hot before balloting day, there has so far been as much discussion of the manner as of the substance of the decision ahead.

There has never been a popular referendum in British history, and critics of the proposal to have one now, condemn it as "unconstitutional." But it is hard to understand the precise meaning of this charge under the British governmental system. Britain has no fixed written constitution. Any measure duly enacted by Parliament—including, presumably, the holding of a referendum—is *ipso facto* constitutional. The British constitution *is*, therefore, simply the continuing and continuously evolving body of parliamentary enactments. However, in a more philosophic sense it can be argued that since the British political system has been based since 1688 on the supremacy of Parliament as a representative body, the relegation of a major political decision to the direct vote of the people is a violation of "the spirit" of the British constitutional tradition.

This is undoubtedly true and leads to complications,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Waite, *London Daily Mirror* Rothco

many of which have not yet been settled: for example, is the referendum vote itself "binding," or must it be considered "advisory," with a separate parliamentary enactment required to make the decision final? (Wilson has ruled for the latter interpretation.) Moreover, Parliament must settle a swarm of procedural puzzles: How is the referendum question to be worded? Will the ballots be counted by constituencies, regions, or (as Wilson has proposed) in one commingled lot? How will time be allocated for debate on BBC? What will be the rules for expenditures and publicity?

In spite of these constitutional, philosophic, and practical difficulties, however, it seems that Harold Wilson's resort to a popular referendum in this matter of EEC membership may, in time, be looked back on as one more demonstration of the British talent for the art of governing that has been displayed for so many centuries in fair times and foul—a talent that seems to be inbred, manifested by Whigs, Tories, Liberals, and Socialists alike, quite apart from the content of policy.

Objectively, it is vastly to the advantage of Britain, and perhaps essential to her future, that she should be a member of the European Economic Community. But much of the British public, prodded by a variety of British politicians—especially from the right wing of the Conservative Party and the left wing of Mr. Wilson's own Labor Party—is confused and uneasy on the issue, even after two years of formal adherence. The EEC has become a handy scapegoat for domestic troubles and a tempting topic for demagogy. Wilson—who has always favored membership—has enough other difficulties with his left wing and with the problems of minority government to wish to find a way to get rid of the headaches on the EEC issue.

The referendum debate gives every man, including the dissident leftwingers in the cabinet, his chance to sound off: it becomes a put up or shut up challenge. Given the mode in which the question is being put, the procedures that will be followed, and the pro-Market position of the leadership of all three parties as well as the establishment in general, a YES vote, possibly by a big margin, is almost certain. That vote, paralleled by a solemn parliamentary motion, should settle the issue for all except a sectarian fringe that will no longer get much public hearing.

Environmentalists Aren't

One obstacle to offshore oil development was overcome with the unanimous Supreme Court ruling that the Federal Government has jurisdiction over oil and gas resources beyond the three-mile limit. It will still take at least a year of environmental impact paperwork before exploratory drilling begins, and even longer if the vagaries of existing laws permit time-consuming court challenges. There is no chance of meeting the Interior Department's goal of leasing ten million acres this year, according to a General Accounting Office report, and the time lag between the start of exploratory drilling and actual production is about three to eight years.

Environmentalist efforts to stop or delay offshore drilling have been extremely dangerous for the environment. Julian Kane, of the Environmental Geology Department at Hofstra University, explained the problem in a letter to the *New York Times*: "Much of our present fuel is supplied via pipeline from the Gulf area. As these sources dry up, we will either have to import more overseas oil or develop offshore resources. Environmentally, the latter is far preferable. Imported oil must arrive by tankers; and more tankers inevitably mean more oil spills and more collisions in congested harbors. Fuel from offshore wells, however, would come in by pipeline. This is safer, less polluting, cheaper, and more dependable than foreign tanker oil."

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Sir:

You possess one of the most unacceptable and unpleasant faces of capitalism I have ever seen,

Yours sincerely,
Michael R. Morritt
Pontefract, Yorks,
England

Dear Mr. Morritt: Have you ever seen the face of *Ulysses S. Grant*? —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a teacher with credentials in English, political science, history, mathematics, humanities, and Japanese, and yet I barely have the ability to decipher your vulgar prose.

I can't recall ever having seen such an obvious search for and display of archaic vocabulary and overall obfuscation in an apparent attempt to be "the learned one." You stink!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You are a complete joke, a pedant, a phony conservative. You're an upstart. You may be a New Englander and a Yale man, but, in no wise, do you have the class of a Cox, a Richardson, or even a Kennedy.

Yours truly,
John M. Herlihy
Seaside, Calif.

Dear Mr. Herlihy: Sorry. English, political science, history, mathematics, humanities, and Japanese are not *quite* enough. But don't give up, Herlihy. Don't ever give up. —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You were quite right to give the back of your hand to the *Boston Globe*'s television critic, Mr. Malin. But you erred slightly in saying a microphone can't be "closed" (to yourself, as he wistfully suggested) "any more than you can 'close' or 'open' a switch" (your words). Here at Grand Coulee we open and close switches many times a day, and their positions are marked in exactly those terms.

As for *Firing Line*, if I may be frank—I think the show leaves something to be desired. On Public TV you are a token rowboat heaving to starboard in a sea of port-leaning vessels, and you are tolerated only because some liberal on your program usually gets his distorted views presented in toto, while your rejoinders are couched in that peculiar Buckleynese which all can comprehend save those most in need of understanding.

So, even as a sop you're a flop. Cordially,
Harold E. Foss
Coulee Dam, Wash.

Dear Mr. Foss: Sopwise, you're *awful*! Cordially, —WFB

■ "David Condit, 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Condit of Garden City, L.I., is the first American to be elected president of the Cambridge Union, the debating society at Cambridge University. Mr. Condit, studying political science in England for his second year, graduated from St. Paul's School in Garden City and magna cum laude from Princeton University. He plans to go to law school."—*New York Times*

Mr. Condit was also editorial assistant at NATIONAL REVIEW summer before last. Rulings from the chair at future debates before the Cambridge Union are expected by Lloyds of London, to favor the conservative speaker.

The Dust Settles

We won't sink like a ton of bricks;
We'll still have clout in politics,
But very likely Bangkok may
Suggest we sneak our troops away.

And on the Golan where the bleeps
Are usually played for keeps,
Israelis may begin to pale
When U.S. congressmen inhale.

It isn't cataclysmic—still,
We've passed the summit on the hill.
In blooming countryside and town
America is running down.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ MEMO TO: WFB
FROM: JPMcF

Would you please implore readers with complaints that relate to their subscriptions, to affix a copy of their mailing label to said complaint? It is important for reasons too complicated to explain, and which you wouldn't understand.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I hope you plan to accept our recent invitation to be one of our honored guests at the Dinner to be held on April 15, 1975 in Washington.

In the wake of last November's election, the Dinner is now more important than ever. As you are well aware, we suffered a great defeat; it will take both time and money to regain what we have lost. Your Republican Members of Congress are facing difficult challenges this year. They must know that you are behind them . . . supporting them . . . encouraging them and giving them your financial backing.

The National Senatorial Committee, Republican Congressional Committee, and Republican National Committee jointly sponsor this Dinner. Their record is excellent. They have kept overhead to a minimum and effectively used your contributions to elect Republicans to Congress. They need your help now more than ever. There is a rebuilding job that has to begin immediately. We must regain what we have lost. You can help us with this effort by sending in your subscription promptly, thus saving time and followup expense.

Please send us your acceptance by reserving one or more tables at $10,000 each for your party or for individual tickets at $1,000 each.

The time to begin rebuilding is now. I hope you agree and will indicate your enthusiasm by responding quickly.

See you at the Dinner. Sincerely,
James Buckley
United States Senate
For the Sponsoring Committees

Dear Senator Buckley:

I shall see you well before the Dinner to discuss the financial deficits of NATIONAL REVIEW. Sincerely,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexandria, Asia

THERE IS, I suggest, a connection between what happened the other night in Alexandria, Virginia and what is happening in Southeast Asia where the consequences of American impotence are becoming apparent.

The other night some FBI agents, joined by local police, forced their way into the Alexandria apartment of Elizabeth Norton, 21. They were heavily armed. Their guns were drawn. Their guns included riot guns—weapons not unlike sawed-off shotguns. These law enforcement officials were looking for Patricia Hearst.

When the agents and policemen first banged on Miss Norton's door, she asked who they were. They said they were from the FBI. She asked them to prove it by slipping some identification under the door: "I really wasn't sure who they were. Any woman living alone is not going to let in any man, let alone a group of men."

The agents refused to slide any identification under the door. So Miss Norton dashed to her telephone to call for . . . the police, presumably. At this point the FBI agents and policemen began forcing the door open. Miss Norton says: "When they started pounding on the door was when I really started to get frightened and began to cry."

The reason the FBI descended on Miss Norton's apartment is that earlier in the evening an anonymous telephone caller had reported to the FBI that Miss Hearst was in the apartment. In any case, Miss Norton admitted the agents when it became apparent that they were coming in either through the door or over the splinters of the door. They searched the apartment and then left, content. Said an FBI spokesman: "At that time it was ascertained that Patricia Hearst was not in the apartment." An FBI spokesman said the agents did not have to identify themselves before crashing in because in January 1969 two agents were shot when they identified themselves outside of a Washington apartment. There will be some debate—and litigation—concerning whether the January 1969 incident nullified the Constitution's protections against unreasonable searches and seizures.

It has been a long time since Americans clustered around the family Philco to listen to *The FBI in Peace and War*. And the television show based—sort of—on the FBI is in reruns. Today when people read about the FBI it is, more often than not, in connection with adventures like the one in Alexandria. A few days after the FBI pounced on the non-trail of Patty Hearst in Alexandria—there is not a smidgeon of evidence (unless a single anonymous telephone call is considered "evidence," and if it is, batten down the hatches) that Miss Hearst has been anywhere near Alexandria—the FBI was back in the news. Reports were beginning to filter out about various FBI frauds and other mischiefs perpetrated for political purposes. There was a story about a threatening letter—an FBI forgery—sent to a civil rights activist in Mississippi. There was another story concerning systematic FBI harassment of the Socialist Workers Party, a tiny organization. And the FBI was not the only law enforcement agency which, in its spare time, had been dabbling in politics. The Chicago police department admits that it kept files on some public officials who were not suspected of breaking the law. The District of Columbia police department received CIA funds to help the CIA do something—it is not clear what—with regard to so-called "peace" groups. There is a lot of stuff here for a crackerjack television series starring Efrem Zimbalist Jr.

The feeling is abroad in the land that the U.S. Government is staffed by fools or bullies, by people who perhaps should not be incarcerated for the deeds they do in the name of public service, but who certainly should not be allowed to lay their hands on state power. Obviously the feeling is grossly unfair. But fair or unfair, this feeling has consequences, in places like Southeast Asia.

The last three years—Watergate, Gemstone, the Plumbers, who retaped the door?—have just put the frosting on the cake. For 15 years the American people have been treated to abundant evidence that the government is not something to respect.

The government can't deliver the mail, let alone Patty Hearst. The government gets into no-win wars with tin pot countries like North Vietnam. The North Koreans borrow a Navy ship and crew. Bay of Pigs. U-2. Great Society. Affirmative Action. Model Cities. Read any good transcripts lately? Government has been demystified.

Oh, sure, the American people never should have allowed an un-American mystique of government to get a grip on them. But they did. Now everything has changed. More and more Americans are coming to the conclusion that the government is at best a comic nuisance and at worst an expensive and dangerous machine running out of control. Now the government—well, really the President and a few senior aides—wants to take another billion-dollar bash at the unfinished business in Southeast Asia. They must be kidding.

SUDDENLY it is nostalgia time—camp nostalgia time—on the White House lawn, where General William Westmoreland is lamenting the fact that a number of things (like the law of the land and Mr. Ford's desire not to be impeached) prevents the U.S. from bombing North Vietnam, again, and mining Haiphong Harbor, again.

The General is saying that the North Vietnamese only understand the language of force. He is, of course, correct about that. But what good is he doing by saying it, on the White House lawn, or anywhere else? The U.S. Government tried to speak that language for a decade, and couldn't get its message across. During that decade the U.S. was the most formidable military power on earth; it unleashed against the North Vietnamese forces more firepower than the Reichswehr had to face. And now the government that can't catch Patty Hearst and can't chase her without destroying domestic tranquility in Alexandria wants a 793rd chance to tidy things up in Asia. Fairly or unfairly—and, in any case, decisively—the American people now say: no way. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sleepwalkers

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

PORTUGAL IS in the process of transformation into a Communist-run "people's democracy." The Portuguese Communist Party (PCP) has always been totally subordinate to Moscow. In 1968 it passed the most critical loyalty test of the era by its unqualified support of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. For twenty years Alvaro Cunhal, the PCP chief, and other leading Portuguese Communists lived in Communist East Europe, mostly in Prague. From there they ran the underground Party in Portugal, guided and financed by Moscow.

When the military coup overthrew the Caetano regime last April, Cunhal set off for Lisbon. Scores of East European operatives joined him. As Robert Moss recounts elsewhere in this issue, the Soviets have been providing their Portuguese colleagues with millions of dollars monthly and large stocks of weapons.

If we imagine Portugal as a second Bulgaria (a country of about the same population and economic development —even with the same sort of holiday beaches), we can grasp something of what the political and strategic consequences of the Portuguese transformation will be. The "Threat to NATO Flank" that the March 15 *Times* (London) headlined is only the most obvious certainty. The Lajes airport in the Azores, NATO's Iberian Atlantic command (IBERATLANT) just outside Lisbon, and the smaller NATO installation in Madeira will be useless even if the revolutionary government doesn't close them.

Even if a Bulgarian Portugal doesn't withdraw from NATO on its own initiative, could it be permitted to remain, with its representatives present in the joint commands, strategic sessions, and secret briefings? The idea is absurd. Bulgarian Portugal will belong to the Soviet bloc. Already the premonitory word has been released that Soviet ships will be getting access to Portuguese mainland and island ports: will, that is, be made at home in the middle of our Atlantic lifeline. With NATO's position cracking at the eastern end of the Mediterranean and its western bottleneck outflanked, the Mediterranean will become untenable for the Sixth Fleet.

Communist Democracy

The Communist operation in Portugal will become a model for Spain, Greece, and Italy. It will have enormous repercussions in France, where there already is a Communist-Socialist united front that came within a percentage point of winning the last election. U.S.-Soviet detente becomes a farce; the European Conference on Security and Cooperation (which Brezhnev wants to finish up in June), a grotesque charade. The Finlandization of Western Europe is in the larger perspective.

All those naive hopes for democracy that swept the Portuguese people and the Western media last spring have been destroyed in the process by which the Communists and their allies in the armed forces are taking over the country. Opinion polls showed only 10 per cent of the population supporting the PCP, but that did not discourage or inhibit the Communist leadership. One non-Communist organization after another has been illegalized. One after another echelon of non-Communist individuals has been thrown out of jobs, often into jail. Early on, Communist cells got control of the press and radio-TV. (On March 15 the radio station owned by the Catholic Church was forbidden any further broadcasting of the Mass.) When, in February and March, moderate officers won elections to the military committees, the elections were annulled. In January a new decree brought all trade unions into a monopoly national federation under Communist control. Now the banks and insurance companies have been seized ("to destroy the social base of the counterrevolution"); land holdings and larger businesses will soon have their turn.

Mobs break up the meetings of such non-Communist parties as are not outlawed. Twice the Communists have staged incidents with all the marks of the Reichstag Fire device. On September 28 they declared that a planned rally of moderates in Lisbon was the cover for a counterrevolutionary assault. The rally was suppressed by radical soldiers working with armed Communist activists. The accusation served to get rid of General Spínola and hundreds of his supporters. (No evidence was ever presented to support the accusation, which dropped out of sight once the purge was accomplished.) On March 11 the ludicrous flappings of a couple of training planes plus the movement of a small military unit, on whose orders no one knows, were proclaimed an attempted counterrevolutionary coup and made the cover for a new sweeping purge along with the expropriations and additional suppressions of non-Communist parties—including this time, for good measure, the anti-Soviet Maoist organization.

The Sleepwalkers

Where, meanwhile, have all our leaders, tribunes, and mentors been hiding? Why their long silence about what has been happening in Portugal, what it means, and what we, either of ourselves or with our NATO allies, could or should do about it? In this Portuguese instance, we have not been treated to any of those stirring diatribes against the villains who strangle democracy, who murder and incarcerate citizens for their political views, and otherwise violate sundry human rights. But forgive me, I forgot momentarily that these stern acts come this time from the Left, not the Right. As we all know, our vision has a hard time focusing on possible misdeeds and dangers from the Left. If it were acts of the Chilean Junta we were asking about, there would be a tale to tell . . .

As for *actions* that might still make a difference—a preventive takeover of the Azores, a NATO occupation of Portugal to guarantee a free and honest election—what do you take us for? You must think we're CIA or Communists or something, to suggest we would want to interfere in the affairs of another country. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PORTUGAL

The prototype is Czechoslovakia 1948: a Communist takeover by the 'salami tactic.' It's happening today in Portugal. NATO and the United States might still stop it, but the odds are long against

The Making of Europe's Cuba

ROBERT MOSS

WE MAY NEVER know the whole truth about the pathetic attempt at a putsch in Lisbon on March 11. Evidence suggests that General Spínola and his friends walked wide-eyed into a trap. They were led to believe that the Communists were about to stage a "Night of the Long Knives" and were apparently duped by *agents provocateurs* into thinking that officers who had not even been informed of what was happening had pledged their support for a coup "to restore democracy." How General Spínola could have fallen for this at a moment when only the Marxists stood to gain by an armed confrontation must remain a mystery.

You do not, of course, set out to overthrow a government at 12:45 P.M., even in a country of late risers; and you do not have the makings of a coup if your forces consist of a couple of antiquated trainer planes and a handful of muddle-headed paratroopers who refuse to fight when a left wing mob implores them to lay down their weapons. (The pilots of those planes vanished instantly and mysteriously after making a few holes in the roof of the First Light Artillery Regiment's barracks at Sacavem.) The whole stupid affair looked like a bomb that went off before it had even been wired up.

Whoever is really to blame, it is clear enough who has gained. Portugal has crossed a watershed, and there may now be no turning back. The Communists and the Marxist officers in the Armed Forces Movement (AFM) seized on the events of March 11 to purge their enemies and formalize their own power in a way that means that the elections scheduled for next month, if held at all, will be at best an academic irrelevance and at worst the rubberstamping of a Communist dictatorship thinly disguised by the fact that many of its leaders are wearing uniforms.

On the evening of the putsch the complicated machinery of the AFM was scrapped and a body described as the Supreme Revolutionary Council was set up in its place. This is a Portuguese version of the Committee of Public Safety: its powers are apparently limitless and it has already initiated the great terror in Lisbon, locking up businessmen for such horrendous crimes as lending money to "social reactionaries" and for unspecified forms of "economic sabotage." The 24 members of this Council—all military men—are mostly on the extreme left of the AFM. The dominant figures are the Prime Minister, Brigadier Vasco Gonçalves (whose enemies allege that he is a secret Communist, Card #1062), and Brigadier Otelo de Carvalho, the operational chief of the Internal Security Force (who has attacked NATO as a sinister organization and recently advised U.S. Ambassador Frank Carlucci to get out of the country).

Mr. Moss is editor of Foreign Report *(*The Economist*'s confidential newsletter) and the author of* Chile's Marxist Experiment *and* The War for the Cities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Council writes its own laws. The first of them was the decree ordering the state takeover of banks and insurance companies, which reversed the policy laid down in the three-year economic plan unveiled at the end of February. The political effects of this move will be far-reaching. Independent newspapers and opposition parties will have to apply to Communist-run trade union committees for credit. The response is unlikely to be charitable. The same goes for private businessmen who, if not already driven out of the country as "traitors" or bankrupted by the combination of a price freeze and soaring labor costs, may find themselves unable to borrow, since the top priority will be to subsidize the losses of state-run firms.

THE COUNCIL'S next move was to destroy any remaining hope that the elections in April might give the moderates a chance of a comeback. The Communists, of course, were the last people in Portugal to want elections in the first place. The opinion polls and their own discreet surveys had given them the measure of their true support in the country: it appeared that they could not hope to get more than 8 or 10 per cent of the vote in a clean election, although the fact that their front movement, the MDP (Portuguese Democratic Movement), was slated to run as an independent party might have enabled them to snatch some votes from political illiterates, of which unhappily there are more than a few. So they had two options. The first was to sabotage the elections. They are old hands at the Reichstag Fire technique: they used it to remove General Spínola from the presidency last September, and, as I have hinted, there is reason to think that they have used it again since then. The other option was to ensure that, if the ballot took place, 1) it would be as unclean as the Communists could get away with and 2) its effect on the political setup would be nil.

It is this second course that is now being followed. The Supreme Revolutionary Council has confirmed that the votes will be counted by the local authorities (which are mostly controlled by the Communist front movement, the MDP). It has also ruled that, contrary to the original plan, political observers will not be present. You would need more faith in the democratic instincts of Portugal's new rulers than I can muster not to feel that this is a license for ballot rigging on the grand scale. Anyway the elections will take place in the context of a controlled press. The state broadcasting network is a smoking battlefield where socialist reporters are being beaten into the ground by Communist technicians. No one to the right of the Communist Party can count on a fair hearing when the electoral campaign formally begins. They cannot even count on being able to reach the polling places safely. I was recently told about a secret Communist directive urging party militants to cast their votes between 8 A.M. and 10 A.M. and then spend the rest of the day picketing and demonstrating so that non-Communists could not get through. This is certainly plausible in a situation where the armed forces, controlled by Marxists, have shown no inclination to safeguard the rights of the democratic parties.

The tragedy is that Portugal is by no means wholly won to its new ways and there is more than a grain of truth in the story about the man who says, "when at work I am a Communist, with my drinking mates I am a socialist, with my family I am a social democrat [PPD], but when I vote, I shall vote conservative [CDS]." The CDS (Social Democratic Center) has had its headquarters burned to the ground but has not yet been banned, unlike its electoral ally, the Christian Democratic Party.

The grim prospect is that by the use of a variety of forms of intimidation, the Communists will emerge with a spurious plurality of the votes next month

The grim prospect that must now be faced, however, is that in an artificially low poll and by the use of a variety of forms of intimidation, the Communists will emerge with a spurious plurality of the votes next month. That would give their friends abroad leave, I suppose, to say "the Portuguese chose Communism." But even if through some miracle the non-Marxist parties are able to register their real strength in the country, I am afraid that that would not change anything. The election will merely produce 260 people to sit in a Constituent Assembly and mull over the country's future political system. The prime element in any new constitution will be the Supreme Revolutionary Council, responsible to no one but itself, the shade of Karl Marx, and perhaps at some stage in the proximate future the policymakers in Moscow.

TIME to clarify a few terms. Portugal, of course, has never ceased to be a dictatorship, although someone entirely dependent on the liberal press might have been excused for failing to notice the fact over much of the past year. True, the men who overthrew the Caetano regime on April 25, 1974 pledged themselves to establish democracy, but it now seems that what many of them meant was "people's democracy"—the right to vote yes. Through successive crises, the Communists and their allies in the AFM have been able to pick off their enemies one by one. Their one slip (or was it?) was to bring about an open rift between the Communists and non-Communists in the government, in the debate over the trade union law in January. To their amazement, the Socialist leaders of Western Europe heard their comrade, Mario Soares, declaring that Portugal, the new collectivist utopia, was on the brink of civil war. Yet here again the Communists gained ground. With a few trifling footnotes tacked on, they got their trade union federation, the Intersindical, acknowledged as the sole union center in Portugal. The non-Communists in the government clucked like Victorian maidens at the mention of sex, but comforted themselves with the thought that somehow the elections would solve everything; they even called off a couple of demonstrations when told that they would be a nuisance.

Time and again, the democrats in Portugal have been caught in the posture of a field mouse paralyzed in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terror of the snake about to devour it. The Communists, of course, have enjoyed two enormous tactical advantages: 1) they emerged from the rubble of the old regime as the only organized political movement; and 2) they had managed to infiltrate the officer corps on a scale unprecedented in recent European history. It might be added that, unlike most of their rivals, they were not encumbered by any scruples about the methods to be employed in their bid for power.

Alvaro Cunhal, the Portuguese Communist leader, wrote in *Rumo à victória*, a decade before the coup, about the need for his party to convert an important section of the armed forces to the revolutionary cause. It is a lesson that all Lenin's disciples have taken to heart: you cannot have a revolution in a modern state without the tolerance, or the active complicity, of key elements in the armed forces. The full extent of Communist penetration of the Portuguese military prior to April 1974 cannot yet be documented—and perhaps never will be, since the Communists have quietly disposed of many of the relevant files of Pide, the now defunct secret police.

THE COUP against Caetano was the product of the frustrations born of a protracted colonial war, of resentment over low pay and slow promotion, and of woolly idealism compounded (in the case of a number of naval officers) with Maoism rather than Moscow-line Communism. But the Communists were up to their neck in the conspiracy from the very outset, and it is the military faction most closely identified with them that is now calling the tune in Lisbon.

A few examples will have to suffice. On the morning of Sunday, September 9, 1973, 136 Portuguese officers in civilian clothes gathered in the ruins of the ancient Temple of Diana at Évora. They were mostly captains and majors; only one of them (the present Prime Minister) was an officer of field rank. These men were the nucleus of the AFM. At Évora, they received details of their final rendezvous. It turned out to be a remote farm on the slopes of the Monte do Sobral, owned—not entirely by coincidence—by a member of the Central Committee of the Portuguese Communist Party. The link man in the exercise was a conscript lieutenant who had joined the Party while studying medicine at university.

Today, the civilian politician who is most often seen hanging around the Institute of Higher Defense Studies (the think-tank of the AFM) is—you guessed it—Alvaro Cunhal. The man he lauded in 1964 as a "hero" of the Beja conspiracy against Salazar, Colonel Varela Gomes, was a longtime prison mate of Communist militants. He now plays a decisive dual role as editor of the *Bulletin* of the AFM and as one of the chiefs of military intelligence. The style of the *Bulletin* is indistinguishable from that of the Communist paper *Avante*, and it has become increasingly fond of denouncing the "fascist" tendencies of just about anyone to the right of the Portuguese Communist Party (PCP).

Two of the key military figures in the present cabinet—the Prime Minister and the Labor Minister, Captain Costa Martins—have voted consistently with the Communists in every major debate. During the debate on the trade union law, for example, Vasco Gonçalves and Costa Martins were so closely in step with Alvaro Cunhal that, as another minister put it to me afterwards, "it was hard to remember which one was talking." The Communists were also delighted by the recent appointments of Admiral Silvano Ribeiro as Defense Minister and Commander Correia Jesuino as Minister of Social Communications (newspeak for information). Correia Jesuino is best remembered for the 101 per cent support he gave to the pro-Moscow wing of the MPLA guerrilla movement when he was information boss in Angola. One of Silvano Ribeiro's first steps in his new job was to appoint an ultraleftist, Major Nápoles Guerra, as acting president of the quaintly named "Commission for the Extermination of the Pide," with a brief to turn this outfit into a political police force.

ONE COULD run on through the list of names. Opposition leaders will tell you that all these officers, and all seven members of the Coordinating Commission of the AFM, are card-carrying members of the Communist Party. It was the exiled leader of the Liberal Party, who had to flee the country last September, who published what he claims to be the number of the Prime Minister's party card. Senior officers of the former secret police in hiding abroad claim that the AFM is a creation, pure and simple, of Alvaro Cunhal—although if their information is reliable, it is hard to see why they failed to stamp on the organizers of the coup at the very beginning. Most of these allegations cannot be substantiated, and the dispute about whether Colonel X or Captain Y is a card-carrier or not is sterile. What matters is 1) to recognize the extent of Communist penetration of the AFM and 2) to identify those of its leaders who, despite their left wing views, will not function as Communist pawns.

The AFM is by no means a monolithic bloc, although its leaders have gone to extraordinary pains to cover up their differences. This was well illustrated during the trade union debate in January. Each service held its own assembly to discuss the principles at stake. In the air force gathering, a group of officers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who objected strongly to the law offered a resolution attacking it, which the chairman, Captain Costa Martins, refused to read out. A vote was subsequently taken on a favorable resolution; the result was 90 in favor, 48 against, and nine abstentions. Yet a press release was issued claiming unanimous support for the resolution. When I mentioned this to a military minister afterwards, he said that it was democratic, as the word is understood, for people to debate an issue and then adopt a united position. I could not refrain from pointing out that this is a basic principle, not of democracy as it is understood in the West, but of democratic centralism.

The pendulum had started to swing back toward the center in recent weeks. The clearest sign of this was the election for one of the lower level councils of the AFM, the *Arma da Artilheria*, at the beginning of March. Brigadier Otelo de Carvalho, Major Melo Antunes, and Colonel Charais of the Coordinating Commission, all of them key leftwingers, were defeated. Other signs were the anger of paratroop officers who were refused permission to act against a left wing mob that broke up a PPD rally in Setúbal on March 7, and the efforts of Colonel Almeida Bruno, a retired veteran of the Guinea-Bissau campaign who is closely identified with Spínola, to set up a commando association. This could be a test case. Colonel Bruno received permission from the army chief of staff, another moderate, to form a "non-political" association of past and present commando officers, which Major Neves, the chief of the elite 11th Commando Battalion in Lisbon, is supporting. The whole business is viewed with the blackest suspicion by the Left.

Most of the operational commanders associated with Spínola have been removed in the last few weeks. They include the commanders of the commandos and the paratroops and the chiefs of the Coimbra and Oporto military regions. And with Spínola's flight to Spain and then Brazil, the moderates in the AFM have lost their most obvious rallying point, the only soldier who could be said to exercise any sort of charismatic power over the country as a whole.

Any remaining hope of a swing against the pro-Communists in the AFM must center on men like Major Vitor Alves, on soldiers who are certainly leftwingers but are wary of the Communists and want to keep the country within NATO. But Alves was expected to be one of the prime victims of the first cabinet reshuffle.

This brings me to the basic question: what road will Portugal take? It must be stressed that, though there is every reason for pessimism, nothing is cut and dried. There are still a number of things that the NATO countries can do to reduce the risk of a definitive Communist takeover. There are four basic scenarios. In ascending order of probability, these are 1) peaceful evolution to democracy; 2) military intervention against the Left, either to ensure honest elections or to set up a conservative government; 3) a Peru- or Qaddafi-style nationalist military regime; and 4) an outright Communist takeover. Many of the obstacles to 1) and 2) have already been mentioned. The third possibility is certainly a real one, in the sense that the political ideas of many leftwingers in the AFM are still remarkably fluid. But it is the final option that should be taken most seriously, because of the degree of Communist infiltration into the AFM, the Communists' success in tightening their grip over the unions and the civil service, and the economic crisis that could drag Portugal—if help does not come from other sources—into dependence on the Soviet bloc.

The model for the definitive Communist takeover in Portugal is not hard to locate. Alvaro Cunhal spent nearly two decades of his life in exile in Prague. It is no coincidence that Communist tactics in Portugal are often reminiscent of the maneuvers that brought about the Prague coup of February 25, 1948. The two situations, of course, are not exactly comparable. The Czech Communists on their way to total power enjoyed two advantages that their Portuguese brethren lack. Their country was hard up against the Soviet border, so they could invoke the threat of a second intervention by the Red Army that had "liberated" Czechoslovakia with fire and sword in 1945. And the Czech Communists—after a lot of fiddling with the electoral lists—were able to demonstrate a real measure of popularity by winning a plurality of the votes (38 per cent) in elections in 1946. But the analogies are close enough to supply a vital clue to the Communist design in Lisbon.

The Prague coup was the classic case of the seizure of total power by a Communist movement that was already deeply entrenched in the government system. As Czech party theorist Jan Kozak later wrote, the Communists expanded their power by a combination of "pressure from above" and "pressure from below." Pressure from above meant the use of the police (which the Communists were able to control through the Ministry of Interior) and the media to intimidate and defame all opposition. It meant an assault on the middle class through nationalization, taxation, and a campaign against so-called "economic sabotage." It meant the use of the Reichstag Fire technique to justify repression. Pressure from below meant the colonization of the trade unions—grouped together by the Communists, as in Portugal, in a monolithic federation—and the creation of extra-parliamentary power bases like the "action committees" and "workers' militias."

The Prague coup was the classic case of the seizure of total power by a Communist movement that was already deeply entrenched in the government system

In the face of these different pressures, the non-Communist parties in the governing coalition remained tongue-tied and hopelessly divided. In the final crisis, provoked by the sacking of the few non-Communists who still held key positions in the police, the best that the liberals and socialists in the cabinet could find to do was to resign; and even then, the Social Democrats refused to go and stayed on to be swallowed up after the coup. The liberals never managed to make effective use of the media, and most of the country never knew in detail what the Communists were doing. The first major press exposé of the Communist purge of the police came just six days before the coup.

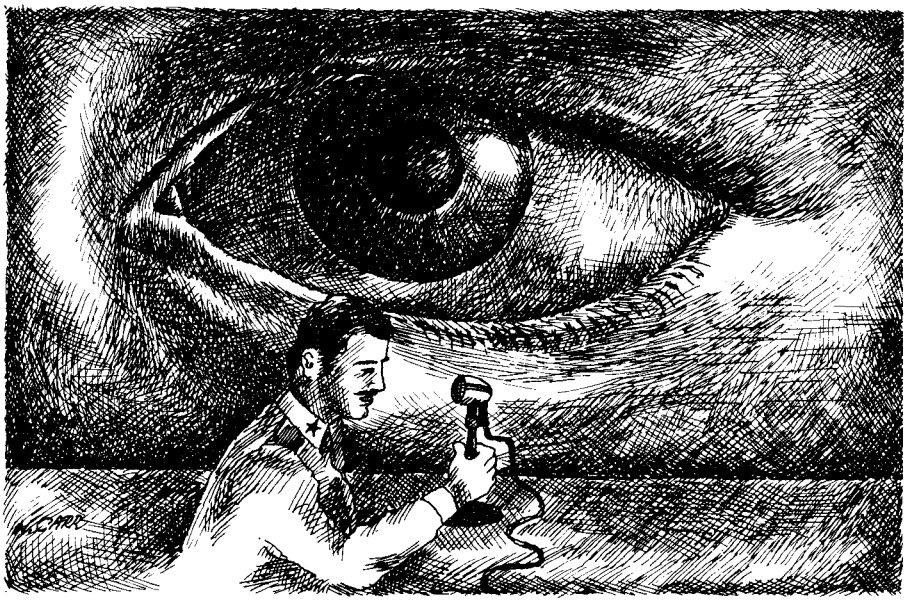
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The signal feature of the Prague coup was that it was a takeover that no one resisted. The army, under the fellow traveler General Svoboda, held back. The opposition parties merely reacted to events. They had allowed their press to be muzzled and when the Ministry of Interior justified the arrest of opposition leaders and the closing of newspapers on the grounds that there was evidence of a right wing coup attempt, no voice was left to challenge the lie. The non-Communist parties had long ago abandoned the streets to the Left, and there was no effective mass response to the coup. All the liberals could do was to go home and hope that a sick, confused, and fumbling president would form a new government excluding the Communists; how could he?

Let me recall in more detail three features of the Prague coup that are being exactly copied in Portugal today. The first is the Communist use of character assassination and blackmail techniques. In both situations, the Communists have made exorbitant use of allegations that so-and-so collaborated with the fascists. The most notorious example in Prague was the attempt to blacken the reputation of Professor Vladimir Krajina, a leading Social Democrat who had been one of the most courageous resistance leaders during the Nazi occupation. In Portugal, the Communists took over Pide's dossiers immediately after the coup, and pilfered whatever it pleased them to take (or photocopy). This material has been deployed effectively since. For example, in their efforts to discredit Dr. Miller Guerra, now a leading Socialist, the Communists dredged up the fact that he belonged to the paramilitary Portuguese Legion for a few months back in the 1930s. Senior Spanish intelligence sources add a more disturbing allegation. They claim that the Communists are holding a police dossier on one of the most prominent Socialist leaders, which purportedly shows that he was paid for giving information on Communist activities to the authorities. Forged or not, a skilled black propagandist can wield such material to devastating effect in the context of a Marxist-controlled press. The Communists have used the same methods to turn many civil servants into pliant tools.

Second, the Communists in Portugal, as in Prague before, have seized control of much of the intelligence apparatus. The bugging devices left over from the old regime are under lock and key, but there are reports that the Party has removed quite a number of them. Senior officers now talk frankly in private about the fact that their own lines are tapped and that the Communists have agents at every major switchboard in Lisbon who regularly tape and summarize "interesting" conversations. The AFM receives regular intelligence digests based on these illegal sources from Party headquarters. The situation differs from Czechoslovakia in the sense that the police as such are not yet under direct Party control, while the paramilitary National Republican Guard is feared by the Left as a predominantly conservative force. But Copcon (Continental Operations Command) has assumed direct control of internal security.

Third, in Portugal, as in Prague, the security forces no longer have a monopoly of force. There are various armed groups in the country, including former terrorist outfits like LUAR. But the Communist Party, as always, is the force to be reckoned with. I discovered definite evidence earlier this year that it has been arming itself on a bigger scale than most people—even those who saw armed militias swing into action last September—had imagined. A senior staff officer admitted that the Communists had removed some 40,000 guns from the arsenal of the paramilitary Portuguese Legion immediately after the coup. He was not prepared to confirm or deny further reports of Soviet gunrunning, via the freighters and fishing trawlers that are now bobbing up along the coast with significant regularity. But it is plain that, when the barricades go up again, the Communists will be armed.



WHENEVER the Communists and the young Jacobins of the AFM decide to make their move, Portugal will have been softened up. It is already the victim of economic circumstances that could result in a gradual, Cuban-style satellization by the Soviet bloc. Portugal has ditched the mineral wealth of Angola, the habits of frugal housekeeping that amassed the foreign reserves it is now gobbling up, and even the attractions of cheap labor and peaceful beaches. The soldiers returning from Africa—who are being rapidly demobilized—have created a large pool of unemployed. Inflation is running at over 35 per cent, mainly because of the reckless expansion of the monetary supply. And yet the president of the Central Bank can say, as he did the other day, that monetary restraint is unnecessary. The smashing up of private enterprise is well under way. And no doubt the best and the brightest of the UN development experts will turn up before long to complete the collapse of the economy by urging gross government overspending to mop up unemployment, and the savage redistribution of wealth and incomes as a means of "expanding the internal market." If it carries on down this road, Portugal will soon become the economic hostage of whatever power is willing to bail it out, and it is certainly not too soon to imagine the government auctioning off military facilities in the Azores and, indeed, in southern Portugal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It should be clear by now to even the most myopic of liberals that Portugal is in danger of becoming the Cuba of Western Europe and that it is essential that the West should do everything possible to prevent this coming to pass. It is fantastic that the obvious takes so long to sink in. The things they were saying about Portugal after the coup sounded uncannily like the early effusions of Castro's admirers in the dovecotes of the West. Some liberals who have never sniffed the Lisbon air are still saying them; nothing forgotten, nothing learned. I suppose we shall have to hear it all again before the day is through: of how because (like Castro) Portugal's Communists in uniform are "authentic nationalists" and lovable agrarian reformers, they could not possibly become Soviet pawns and would never, never contemplate giving the Russians military facilities. Ho-hum.

DESPITE its apparent geographical isolation, its poverty, and its tiny population, Portugal is of immense strategic importance, 1) in the context of the ideological struggle now raging right across southern Europe, which has presented the Russians with their biggest opportunity for expanding their sphere of influence since the Red Army liberated Eastern Europe; 2) in relation to the next Middle East war, when the nonavailability of the Azores bases for American planes en route to Israel could create logistic problems; and 3) in the context of the Soviet bloc's broader designs upon Europe. Whatever the final outcome in Portugal, it must be confessed that the way the Communists there have set out to carve up socialists and social democrats who were prepared to ride with them in the same wagon could be a valuable object lesson for the liberals and the non-Communist Left farther north.

Portugal's agony is there for all to see at a time when the British trade union movement has been pressing for closer contacts with its Soviet bloc "counterparts." These, of course, include Aleksandr Shelepin, the Russian trade union boss and former chief of the KGB who organized a series of particularly gruesome political murders in West Germany in the late 1950s. Shelepin hosted a private lunch for the British contingent in Geneva at a conference in February and was invited to visit London in April. This is just one of the more egregious examples of the growing tendency in Western Europe to accept the "democratic" credentials of the Communist Parties at face value. It is a tendency that was encouraged by the effective propaganda myth that the international Communist movement wove around the collapse of the Allende regime in Chile: the myth that Marxists are on the side of democracy and that the eternal enemy is on the Right. The example of what is happening in Portugal, under the noses of Western Europe's social democrats, makes the myth a bit harder to sustain.

But Portugal cannot be sacrificed to the need to complete the education of West European politicians and trade unionists who can no longer see the difference between a totalitarian movement and a democratic party. There are a number of things that the West can do to help those who wish to stop the spread of Communism in Portugal. Conservative leaders can speak out, and go to Lisbon to give their public support to anti-Communists there. They can urge that multiparty delegations should go there: why doesn't James Buckley take someone like Teddy Kennedy out with him? Their presence in Lisbon side by side would be an object lesson to the Portuguese that democracy means a kind of pluralism that the Communists will never willingly consent to: the right to vote for the best as well as the worst. Broadcasting is of crucial importance in a situation increasingly reminiscent of the Nazi occupation elsewhere, where little groups of people would huddle around a radio set to listen to the BBC's external services. The BBC is today one of the few sources of real news available in Portugal.

But Portugal cannot be sacrificed to the need to complete the education of West European politicians and trade unionists

Then there is the question of foreign aid and investment. I know this is a moment when Congress claps its hands to its ears at the mention of the subject. And why should anyone in his right mind advocate credits for a country that is in process of going Communist? My answer would be: it is worth considering if the strings you attach could help to slow down or reverse that process. This is not the place to go into the technical details. I would simply urge the American public to remember that Portugal's economy is on the rocks and that, whatever is now being said, such rational leaders as it has will eventually come around looking for a new kind of Marshall Aid program. If they want it they should be willing to pay the price.

What happens if, despite everyone's money and good wishes, the Communists stage their coup-within-the-coup? Portugal is still a member of NATO, and the takeover of a small NATO country would set a sinister precedent and encourage the Russians to take a much more aggressive line toward Western Europe as a whole. It would also help to convince them that the Atlantic Alliance and the United States are now supine in the face of Communist expansion, even when the Communists grab at the richest prize of all —the fertile heartlands of Western Europe.

IN THE event of a violent Communist coup, or a protracted civil war in which the Russians supplied arms and other support to the Left, I do not believe that NATO would or should stand idly by. (I have it on good authority that the Spanish high command has detailed contingency plans for invading Portugal in the event of a Communist takeover—although the reactions to this, both at home and abroad, would certainly be explosive.) The real danger is that the Communist takeover in Portugal will come about through slow stages, as in Czechoslovakia, so that there will never be a clear breaking point which would drive non-Communist leaders (including the Communists' present allies in the government) to ask for help from abroad. Everything is still in flux. My final plea is simply this: that we should not adopt a fatalistic approach to Portugal's agony while there is still a chance of saving the country. Its fate is bound up with our own. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILFRED BURCHETT

Burchett went to Sydney to sue the man who called him a Communist agent. Unfortunately for Burchett, there were witnesses there who remembered his previous trips—especially to the North Korean prison camps . . .

Australian Lord Haw-Haw

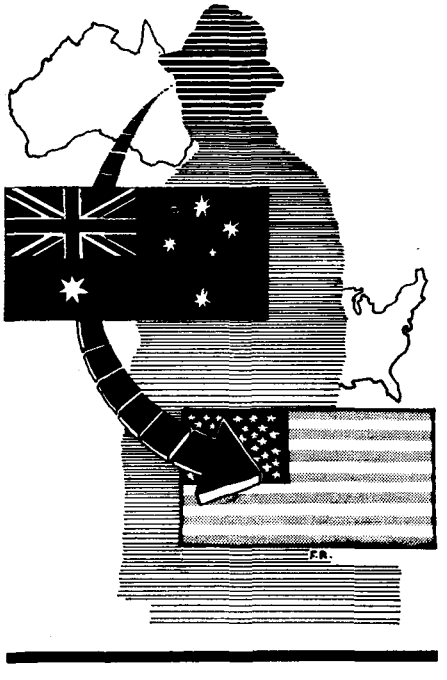
DENIS WARNER

One way and another the world has been hearing about Wilfred Burchett for the past thirty years. As a war correspondent for the *London Daily Express*, he was the first Westerner into Hiroshima after the Bomb. Four years later he turned up in Budapest for the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty. Since correspondents of reputable newspapers found it practically impossible to penetrate the Iron Curtain in those days, the *Express* offered his service to anyone who wanted it around the globe. By casting doubt on the nature of Hungarian justice, he established his objectivity in the minds of his readers and then proceeded to make the point that the Cardinal was guilty as charged. In a letter sometime later, commenting on his report, he said: "It completely knocked out the rubbish about tortures, drugs, and extracted confessions and showed the Cardinal for the miserable, intriguing, ambitious little man he was." Burchett's further view was that the American Minister to Hungary—for whom Mindszenty was accused of carrying on espionage—should have been put in the box along with Mindszenty.

After the Mindszenty trial in Budapest in February 1949, Burchett made his home in Hungary, working for the *London Daily Express* as a stringer and beginning his work as a peace fighter. In November 1949, the Information Bureau of the Communist Parties met in Budapest and decided, among other things, that "it is now perfectly clear that it is the strategy of American imperialism to kindle the flames of war in all parts of the world and to compel the peoples of all continents to fight at the behest and in the interests of the American billionaires." The American imperialists, it was said, "were turning Japan into a bridgehead of aggression against the USSR, the People's Republic of China, North Korea, and the peoples of the Pacific and are endeavoring to use the Japanese people for this purpose."

Wilfred Burchett abandoned his work with the *Daily Express*, went to Australia to spread the World Peace Council message there, and then on to Peking at the beginning of 1951 to address a mass rally and to begin work on a book, *China's Feet Unbound*, that was to prove his undoing. When the Korean peace talks began, he accompanied the Chinese and North Korean delegation as the unpaid correspondent of the French Communist newspaper, *Ce Soir*.

Burchett has long been a fan of Jack London, the American novelist, who in a quite remarkable short story published early in the century had the European powers destroying China with germs dropped by a flying machine from the air. In *China's Feet Unbound*, which he finished in the middle of 1951, about the time he headed for Korea, Burchett mentioned casually that the Americans were planning to use germ warfare in Korea. In the Sixties and early Seventies Wilfred Burchett was much in evidence in and around Hanoi, writing virulently anti-American dispatches on the Vietnam War, many of them for the radical pro-Maoist *Guardian*. But between his Far Eastern appearances in the early Fifties during the Korean War and in the late Sixties in Vietnam, Burchett spent some time in Moscow. And it was a report on his activities in Moscow appearing in *Focus*, the paper of the Australian Democratic Labor Party (DLP) that brought Burchett to Sydney, Australia last October, to sue former DLP Senator Jack Kane for libel.



The libel case arose from evidence given in 1969 and 1970 before the U.S. Senate Committee on the Judiciary by Yurii Krotkov, a former KGB agent who defected to the British in 1962 and is now living in the United States under the name of George Karlin. Krotkov said he had recruited Burchett to work for the KGB in Moscow after the Korean War. One of former Senator

Mr. Warner was a correspondent in the Central Pacific in WW II. He has since been, inter alia, Reuter bureau chief in Tokyo for the London Daily Telegraph, *and an associate Nieman Fellow at Harvard.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kane's colleagues picked up the U.S. Senate report upon publication in 1971 and read it into the Senate record in Canberra. A very much condensed report appeared in the magazine *Focus*, and Burchett, who has been using scattergun libel tactics to muzzle the British and Australian press for years, sued. He claimed defamation and demanded a million Australian dollars in damages.

Proceedings in both the House of Representatives and the Senate in Australia are privileged. Anything said there may be quoted elsewhere without risk of libel, the only proviso being that it must be accurate and fair. Burchett and his lawyers assumed that the brief synopsis of the Krotkov evidence in *Focus* was not fair in that it mentioned blackmail, a word not mentioned in either the Australian or the U.S. Senates.

It was a fatal assumption, but it was only one of many. Sydney has the reputation of being one of the hardest cities in the world in which to defend a libel suit. Newspapers are fair game and publishers usually fall over themselves to settle out of court. Burchett was sure he would win.

True, Jack Kane's lawyers had located Krotkov in the States but Burchett's lawyers had also traveled there to take a deposition from Krotkov. Not for a moment did Burchett believe that the action could be lost, or even seriously defended. It was only a month before the trial opened that he wrote urging a friend to bear witness to inflated sums Burchett said he had received from Western newspapers in 1957. This would account for the luxurious apartment in Moscow that Krotkov had testified the KGB had put at his disposal. Burchett begged his friend to be in Sydney before October 21. His fare coming and going would be paid by Kane, he added.

When Burchett arrived in Sydney a few days before the trial, with his lawyers still urging Kane to settle out of court, he had no idea that he was about to be confronted by some of the most damaging evidence ever presented in a civil court. The hunter suddenly found himself in a corner with nowhere to go.

Burchett himself chose not to take the stand. To give witness to his reputation he called on a couple of Australian radio and newspapermen, one of whom had met him only the previous day. But it was the other witnesses, brought by the defense, who brought him low. They came from the United States, Vietnam, Singapore, and Australia, figures from the past.

It began with a succession of Australian prisoners of war. They had met Burchett during their period in the North Korean and Chinese camps along the Yalu River during the Korean War. He was a traitor and a liar, they said. One flew in from Darwin to tell his story. Another came from Brisbane.

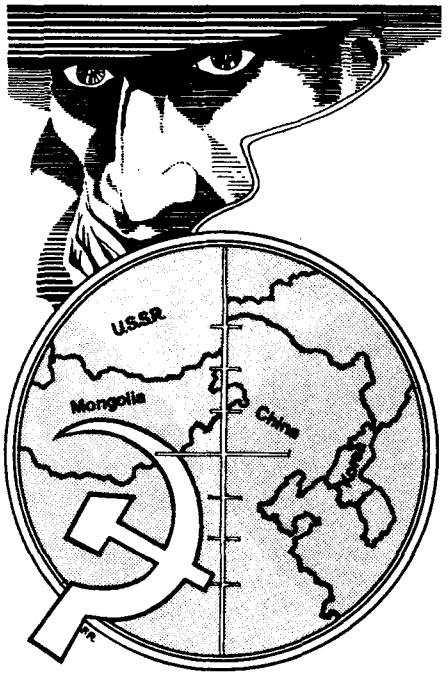
Then came the Krotkov evidence, harmful but probably manageable. How on earth do you ever prove in a court of law that a man worked for the KGB? Krotkov's evidence and some circumstantial evidence about the size of Burchett's apartment in Moscow and the fact that he started to write for *New Times*, which is published in Moscow, at the moment when Krotkov said he had recruited him were all that the defense could hope to offer.

It was all read into the record, the meetings between Burchett and Krotkov in Berlin after the Second World War, another meeting at the Hotel Savoy in Moscow in 1956. Later, at the Khimki Float Restaurant in Moscow, Burchett, who knew Krotkov was with the KGB, made his pitch. "I served our cause, the Communist cause, the Communist Party of China, giving them very valuable information when I was in Korea," he told Krotkov, according to Krotkov's testimony. "I could understand their thinking, their sentiments, what they want, what they think, and I could inform the Chinese side. The same thing happened in Hanoi. I am established on the payroll of the Party. I am in close relation with Ho Chi Minh. We're almost friends. I can visit him any time I want. I am writing for them. I am deeply involved in this trouble against the Americans, and I am doing my best."

Burchett asked Krotkov if he remembered the late Maggie Higgins, one-time *New York Herald-Tribune* correspondent in Berlin. Krotkov said of course he remembered her, and Burchett continued: "I was in a very close relation with her—a love relation—and now she [has] married a top-ranking American general, some commander of strategic aviation, something like that." Krotkov's evidence on deposition stopped short of the phrase that Kane's writer condensed to blackmail. But the implication of blackmail was there. Burchett got his job with the KGB, Krotkov said, and went to work for it.

Up to this stage of the proceedings, there had not been much in Burchett's expression to indicate his thoughts. He walked into court each day with his barrister, passing him notes all the time. He was unmoved when two former members of the Australian general staff denounced his conduct in strong terms. Not for a moment could he have suspected what was to follow. Kane had secret witnesses tucked away in a Sydney hotel waiting their call to tell the story of what really happened in the hellhole camps of North Korea between 1951 and 1954, and of Burchett's role in their treatment there.

With the U.S. Air Force operating far from its bases, and the Russian MiGs operating out of off limits fields across the Yalu River in Manchuria, losses to the Americans were very high, and there was no shortage of pilots to interrogate or to torture into confession. Almost every captured airman was treated as a war criminal, not as a prisoner of war, and held in solitary confinement under constant threat of death. Early in 1952 the interrogations paid off and two of the airmen, Lieutenant John Quinn, a B-36 pilot, and his navigator, Lieutenant K. L. Enoch, "confessed." A week or so later Radio Peking, the New China News Agency, and the *People's Daily* in Peking carried the story that a joint interrogation team of Chinese and Korean scientists had interrogated (not interviewed) the airmen and that Wilfred Burchett had partici-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pated in the work of the team by invitation.

Not long afterward two other airmen, Lieutenant Paul Kniss and Lieutenant O'Neale also "confessed," and the germ warfare campaign, conceived in Burchett's fertile brain, was off to a riproaring start.

Then Derek Kinne, once a private in the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, who won the George Cross for his gallantry in the prison camps, told of the misery, the horror, the sheer criminality of Burchett while the court listened spellbound.

After the Korean War Kinne migrated to Tucson, Arizona and there, thanks to the British general staff, was discovered running a picture framing business.

"Do you know Burchett?" counsel asked him.

"He's right there, sir," Kinne replied, pointing to Burchett sitting behind his counsel.

He told of his first meeting with Burchett 22 years before. The prisoners had been called to a football field to listen to Burchett's indoctrination lecture. About 1,400 attended, compulsorily. "Burchett stood in front of a table and faced us. One of the guys carried a noose and said, 'You'll hang, you bastard.' "

Burchett told the prisoners it was only through the tireless efforts of the Chinese that the Korean peace talks were continuing, because the United States was trying to sabotage the talks.

When Burchett was through with his address, Kinne approached him and asked him to write about the true conditions in the camp. He told Burchett that the Chinese had not given the men considerate treatment. Six hundred men had died of malnutrition. "I told him I saw 39 men go [for burial] in one day and I saw dogs dragging the men out. We ate the dogs and I said we were starving to death. He kept his mouth shut."

Kinne told Burchett he had been tied up and told to reflect in a room for 72 hours after complaining to the Chinese.

According to Kinne, Burchett replied: "I could have you shot for that."

"I said, 'You son of a bitch.' "

"It would be good to have you shot," Burchett answered.

Later, Kinne went back to Burchett and said: " 'Excuse me, my brother was killed here. I would like to see his grave.' Burchett crossed his legs and arms and said, 'If you want to see his grave, beg.' "

"I said, 'I'll see you in hell first,' " said Kinne.

What happened to Kinne after that was not told in court. It is set out in his citation for the George Cross. He was questioned about other noncooperative soldiers and when he refused to inform on them was struck by a Chinese officer. Kinne hit back. He was then beaten up and for two periods, of 12 and 24 hours, was made to stand on tiptoe with a running noose around his neck which would throttle him if he attempted to relax in any way. Later, he was beaten senseless with belts and bayonets, stripped of his clothes, and thrown into a dank rat-infested hole. He was frequently taken out and beaten, once with pieces of planking, until he was unconscious.

This, Kinne was to learn, became the norm.

Though much of this evidence was ruled inadmissible, it was already apparent to the court before the appearance of Paul Kniss, now a United Air Lines captain flying out of Chicago, that Burchett's involvement in the prisoner of war camps in Korea was deep and disgraceful.

Kniss served in Korea with the 12th Squadron of the 18th Group of the 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing. His debriefing after his release from prison camp at the end of the Korean War and his subsequent examination in court provided damaging evidence that Burchett was one of his interrogators and that, when Kniss finally "confessed" to having been involved in germ warfare, the confession was untrue.

Kniss arrived in Korea on March 12, 1952 and was shot down on May 31 on his 28th mission. He had been briefed about how to behave if captured—to tell any sort of story to satisfy his interrogators and then to stick with it.

The first germ warfare confessions were in the process of being extracted from Quinn and Enoch when Kniss's interrogation began.

"How come you are flying germ missions?" his interrogator asked.

"I'm not flying germ missions," Kniss replied. This was a signal for the interrogator to go to work. "He just started in on me right there," Kniss told his debriefer. "I don't know—he worked maybe five or six hours on that, just right around that sentence—those bombs, those bombs, those bombs. He just hammered and hammered and hammered that right at me."

The interrogator gave Kniss two or three hours' sleep and then started all over again. Three or four hours, then another break of an hour or so, followed by a new Chinese interrogator. "Why don't you tell us about it? Doesn't your conscience bother you? Doesn't it hurt you to hurt innocent civilians? . . ." A Korean interrogator replaced the Chinese interrogator. And so it went on for four or five days. Kniss broke.

Six weeks later Burchett reentered the scene. There were two or three chairs, a table, cognac, cheese and other food. Burchett had Kniss's confession and told him he had edited it.

Two weeks later he saw Burchett again. Burchett handed him questions and answers from his confession. He told Kniss that they were going to record it for the Paris newspaper *Ce Soir*. Kniss refused. Burchett told him he was a war criminal and there was no way of his getting home unless the Chinese decided to treat him leniently.

Kniss was worried about his wife who had been involved in a car accident just before he left for Korea, and he told Burchett he wanted to get word to her that he was alive and well. Burchett said that would depend on how well he behaved.

Once an interrogator dropped a sheet of typed notepaper. It was a single sheet, signed W. G. Burchett, and it contained all sorts of military questions for the interrogator to ask him. His interrogators asked him all the questions. "He hadn't asked these for weeks," Kniss told the court. "Before that it was always germ warfare. That is why this was so memorable."

Burchett wanted two things now of Kniss: the question and answer recording of his confession, which he had written himself, and Kniss's appearance before the International Commission of Scientists, set up by Peking.

Four American airmen who had confessed to germ warfare appeared before the Commission, at which Burchett was present. All had been warned that they would be treated as war criminals if they went back on their confessions. All confessed. And, as a reward for this

(Continues on page 410)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Edsel Program

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

A FEW WEEKS AGO the President gave us the details of his WIN program, which he assured us would conquer inflation. I had already promised myself never again to read or write anything on inflation. I am not governed by that promise in this instance, of course, because Mr. Ford's program had nothing whatsoever to do with inflation. And so to work:

Says Ford

1. Says Ford: "Balance your family budget and expect your government officials to do exactly the same thing." Every functional element of that sentence is wrong. a) On a national level the family budget is out of balance on the "good" side: we are saving at the rate of $53 billion a year; I conclude that Ford either doesn't know we are saving money or thinks we should stop saving and start spending so that income equals outgo. b) To "expect" Washington to do something is not to "demand" it and is certainly not to "receive" it; this weak verb betrays Ford's underlying aversion to genuine reform. c) "Your government officials" is a vague rubric that conceals the name of the responsible agency: the Federal Reserve Board, or, if you will, the Bureau of the Budget. d) To do "exactly the same thing" would be to ask bureaucrats to balance their *family* budgets, not the *federal* budget; precisely speaking, Ford has evaded the entire matter.

2. Says Ford: "Learn how to use credit wisely, postpone unnecessary borrowing, wait for interest rates to come down, as they will . . ." This conjures up an image of millions of citizens who walk into their local banks and say, "Interest rates are sky high, I don't really need to borrow money, and I know it's unwise, but gimme a loan quick!" And of course there must be millions of bankers who make loans just like that. The President would call a halt to such things. But—whether the President knows it or not—such things haven't been happening anyway. Anyone who has tried to borrow money in recent years can tell you that an unproductive, unwise, and unnecessary project isn't going to find money anywhere, anytime, at any price. The President is tilting at windmills. Interest rates have been in a long term uptrend for twenty years and will continue to climb until the monetary system has been reformed and stabilized. Match *that* forecast against the President's a year from now, and see who's in touch with reality.

3. Says Ford: "Save as much as you can and watch your money grow." If he's talking about investments in common stocks, he's providing dangerously simplified advice. If he's talking about bonds, he's providing demonstrably false advice. And if he really thinks interest rates will come down, then you'll "watch your money grow" at slower and slower rates. What *could* the poor man be talking about?

4. Says Ford: "Conserve energy, save on fuel, and take the pressure off scarce supplies." This is the bogeyman argument. There was inflation long before the Sheiks of Araby raised the price of oil. As for scarce supplies, well, *all* items of real wealth are scarce. It is not the scarcity of wealth that creates inflation. A high price on a scarce item is not "pressure" on the item but simply the description of scarcity, the signal for increased production, and the system of rationing the scarcity so that the item goes to those who are willing to make the greater sacrifice for it. And their own reasons for making the sacrifice are their own reasons, which are none of the government's business.

5. Says Ford to businessmen and labor leaders: Thou Shalt Not "raise prices or wages more than costs or services absolutely require." This is unintelligible, unenforceable, and counterproductive. There is no way to measure that "absolutely." There is no way to enforce the proposal short of Nazism. To restrict the price is to knock out the less efficient producers and reduce the quantity of goods produced for sale; which can hardly create good times.

6. Says Ford: "Work better, waste less." The President's formulas reveal so much. We are to "expect" but not *demand* economy in government. Costs and wages should not affect selling prices unless the requirement is "absolute." We are to work "better"—not *harder*. And we notice that there is no proposal that government employees work harder or waste less. The entire civil service system discourages individual attempts to excel. Why doesn't the President put government pay on a piecework basis?

7. Says Ford: "Make economizing fashionable . . . shop wisely, look for bargains, go for the lowest-cost item, and, most importantly, brag about the fact that you are a bargain hunter." Once again the President's rhetoric is off balance. He cannot possibly mean to say that the *most important* part of this program is *bragging*? And once again we notice that we are urged to economize on everything but government. Was there a hint that we would be better off if we reduced the size of government by 50 per cent? Or shopped around for the cheapest postal service? Or bought free market policies for half the cost of "social security" schemes? Why is the President so silent on the *real* items?

8. Says Ford: "Do it yourself." The largest single item in the national accounts is the 40 per cent of GNP spent on government. Let's start there, and apply the "do it yourself" principle to every penny the Congress proposes to spend. The Second American Revolution can be dated from this moment.

Heal Thyself

9. The President, finally, "asks Americans to work with others to eliminate outmoded regulations that keep the cost of goods and services high." Why *Americans*? If Ford knows who the "others" are, why not name them so we can get in touch with them and work with them? If it's government regulations that make prices go up, why not ask *government* to get off our backs, instead of asking "us" to work with "others"? If "our leaders" would devote as much time to studying their own problems as to trying to hoodwink the people, we'd be better off. □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts & Manners

The PRINTED WORD

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Tune of the Time

In the days of Henry Luce, the charge against *Time* used to be that it was facile and irrelevant. Usually the objection was raised by liberals, including my own mother, who, though she subscribed to *Time*, described it as "slanted." But it was also made by conservatives: Richard Weaver said the same thing, and so did Garry Wills. (I refer to prelapsarian Garry Wills, rather than the truculent beadle he has lately become: though the April *Harper's* offers proof that he is still capable of gentle eloquence.)

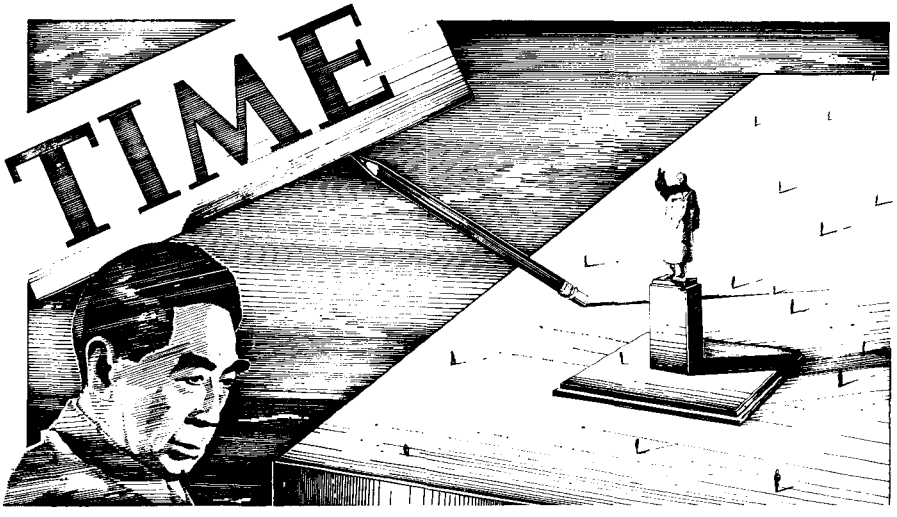
I find it a distressing sign of the times that Mom has not complained about *Time* for years. I am afraid that her contentment with it can only mean that it really *is* slanted. Besides, I think it is simply a less delightful magazine than it used to be—though I should acknowledge that I can't go a week without buying it. Even so, I miss the old Miscellany section, that column of anecdotes of zaniness, like the one about the 1956 presidential candidate—I forget the name of his party, if he had one—whose platform was the annexation of Canada; or the one about the safecracker who took $5,000 and a cigar, leaving a nickel for the cigar. More recently, *Time* has scrapped its Letters page, that delightful collection of short, scrappy, salty retorts to the preceding week's news, and replaced it with something ugly and unreadable called "Forum," wherein readers are encouraged to run on for two and three whole paragraphs of civic-minded drivel. And it has been a long while since the magazine has had cover stories like the ones I still remember from over 15 years ago, which featured excellent though anonymous essays on Alec Guinness, William Shakespeare, and John Courtney Murray.

Perhaps I am just older, and less easily impressed at ripe old 29 than at callow 14. But the man who must have written the Shakespeare story, T. E. Kalem, still writes for *Time*, and his theater reviews continue to be models of elegance, fairness, and assured taste. He must be among the best friends Shakespeare ever had; yet he never seems to think he must officiously defend the playwright "against" directors and actors, however wrongheaded they may be. Giving bylines to the other reviewers, however, seems an ironically belated gesture, considering that men like James Agee and Whittaker Chambers namelessly graced *Time*'s pages for years. That remark is unfair to the men who now write for *Time*, but I can't help thinking that they only have bylines because their magazine has been de-Lucifying in an effort to keep up with *Newsweek* (which has taken to naming the authors of every single story it carries).

Gone, now, are the reverse syntax, whizzing asyndeta, hyperactive parentheses, portmanteau epithets—hallmarks of the Luce era. But something more than the famous mannerisms is missing: humor. And not just good humor; for bad humor is humor too. *Time* can still be witty; but it no longer dares to be badhumored. It lacks its old wry and grouchy and even cynical touch; its willingness to be prejudiced, to dislike people on something other than principle. It has become highmindedly priggish. As with all who believe implicitly in the free market of ideas, *Time*'s ideas are jejune. Having swapped its disreputable old style for a social conscience, it has become, in Ortega's sense, a *mass* magazine: recognizing no standard of authority beyond itself, no measure of truth beyond the rough consensus of the moderately educated. It has adopted as what Weaver calls uncontested terms the vulgarisms of political discourse. Enoch Powell is a "racist"; France's abortion laws "archaic." Look no further, reader: thus it is.

BUT *Time* is not exactly ideologized. A real ideologue will now and then fall out with the time, for consistency's sake, thus ceasing to be marketable; and they don't call it *Time* for nothing. It is above all trendy. Trendy in the worst way: not frivolously, since frivolity is a cheerful admission that one is contented to be blown about by the zephyrs of fashion. Any magazine that would change Letters to Forum is too self-important for that. No, *Time*'s trendiness is solemn, full of portentous cliché, and therefore less like old *Time* than like the old *March of Time* newsreels, with all their stentorian pomposity.

A few examples. When Earl Warren died, the magazine gave him a two-page obituary. It eulogized him as the friend of the "little fellow," a folksy Solomon who put humanity above legalism—then praised the Warren Court's ruling in *Miranda* v. *Arizona* as the "high



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

point" in judicial concern for "individual rights for individual Americans." The Miranda case, you will recall, was the one where the Court found that a suspect's rights are violated if the arresting officer fails to inform him of his rights to remain silent and to have a lawyer present during questioning. (*Time* said the Court had "accorded" suspects these rights!) Here, one would think, is the triumph of legalism over substance, and dubious legalism at that. But no: *Time* pronounced it a victory of Warren's native fairmindedness.

But later in the same issue, in the section devoted to The Sexes (a new section, of course), a full page was given to the procedural difficulties of convicting rapists. Neither article bothered to mention that Ernesto Miranda's crimes included rape. The little fellow whom Earl Warren had welcomed into the sanctuary of justice became abruptly the sexist beast lurking in alleys to violate a Woman's Right to Control Her Own Body. Consistent? No. But consistently trendy.

LIKEWISE a cover story on Chou En-lai: "A Victory for Chou—and Moderation." First the tubthumping *March of Time* prose, in 4/4 time: "For months last year he was battered by a savage campaign of vilification. He grew gaunt, pallid, tense. In May, he checked into a Peking hospital, rumored to be suffering from a heart attack. . . . Analysts in the West wondered if the combination of political and physical illness might not spell the end of a long and illustrious career. Yet for all the apparent setbacks, China's urbane, unbreakable Premier Chou En-lai last week was savoring what was indisputably one of the greatest triumphs of his life." *Boom* boom boom boom. "The restoration of the older revolutionaries was in many ways just and fitting. After all, it was they who galvanized one-quarter of humanity into the most monumental political movement in history. It was they who nurtured Chinese society from a devastated, war-weary, disunited shambles into a major—and soon a mighty [*boom!*]—world power . . . And it was they who . . ." Then the march music softens, shifts into the minor key of Evenhanded Reporting: "And for all those achievements, for all China's promise of developing into one of the most prodigious markets of all time, the country remains today, as Chou likes to say [*candid fellow, Chou*], a poor, backward state. Despite the impressive statistics . . ." "Though life for the average person is spare and hard [*Spartan!*] by any standard, the benefits as well as the hardships [*plenty of both, you see*] have been distributed with a minimum of inequality [*fair enough!*]. The average factory worker makes a meager [*we don't pretend it's luxurious*] $28 a month; the average peasant living on a commune about half that."

And on and on. The new constitution is "reminiscent of the U.S. Bill of Rights." Still evenhanded: "mixed results," "uneven progress." The word "totalitarian" actually occurs once, rather ambiguously. It is acknowledged that many refugees have "braved a nine-hour swim through tightly patrolled waters" to get to Hong Kong—the patrol boats explaining, I suppose, what is meant by calling the Chinese people "remarkably well disciplined," but nothing in the article explaining why a country of 800,000,000 can't spare a few disgruntled (or is it undisciplined?) marathon swimmers.

C. S. Lewis remarks somewhere that our political language now refers to our rulers as "leaders." This makes a certain amount of sense—though it is always somewhat misleading—in a democratic country. Applied by democrats to rulers of foreign countries, it implies approval, as acknowledgment that they enjoy popularity with their subjects. I know of no better litmus test of what is inadequately called liberal bias in a magazine than its habitual usage of "leaders" with reference to Communist rulers. Sure enough: in *Time* one finds "Soviet leaders," "China's often factious leaders," but five bucks for the guy who can find me "Brazilian leaders," "Chilean leaders," "Spanish leaders." In the same issue that speaks of China as "remarkably well disciplined," there is mention of the late Greek "junta's iron-fisted rule."

Time has thus purged itself of its famous idiosyncrasies, and what remains is a watery, nondescript prose whose function is to wash rhythmically over the passive mind, leaving a miscellaneous flotsam of comforting stock phrases. It is the still disembodied Voice of Responsibility, weekly summing up another installment of history's advance. Moderation. Pragmatism. Detente. Progress, uneven but predictable. It is evidence that there is something worse than being facile and irrelevant. Namely, being facile and relevant. □

THEATER

LINDA BRIDGES

Hard Act to Follow

Shakespeare, on the printed page, is so obviously a great poet that even the wildest iconoclast does not bother trying to say he isn't. But as, over the last few years, I saw play after play performed by various highly touted companies, I came to wonder whether Shakespeare's comedies hadn't become unsuited to the stage. The modern ear, I thought, couldn't follow them. As with a play in a foreign language that you half know, even if you read the text first, like a libretto, one or two words out of five will be inaudible; there is little poetry left, and no fun.

I took these misgivings with me to Brooklyn (an adventure in itself: Manhattanites tend to think of Brooklyn as two miles west of Ultima Thule, and its glorious opera house as much harder to get to than Stratford-on-Avon) to see the Royal Shakespeare Company do *Love's Labour's Lost*, which I had a) not read beforehand and b) heard intelligent critics describe as a "very bad juvenile play."

The first three actors spoke their speeches with refreshing competence; then Ian Richardson, as the "merry madcap lord" Berowne, opened his mouth, and this "very bad juvenile play" became a sort of revelation. Richardson and his colleagues showed that the way to allow Shakespeare to delight modern audiences is not by setting his plays in the Gay Nineties, not by cutting the play in half and adding rock music, but simply by reading the lines as they should be read.

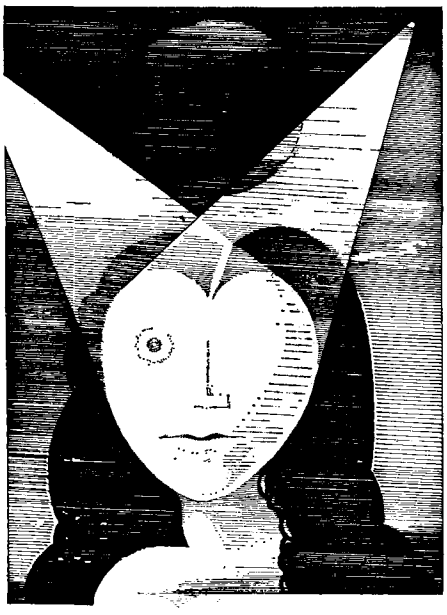
IAN RICHARDSON (to use the phrase Laurence Olivier once used about himself) speaks Shakespeare as a native. That is not just a play on words, it is a crucial distinction. All but a handful of actors speak Shakespeare as one speaks a second language: they know what the words mean and they pronounce them right, but the intonation, the rhythm, the rise and fall of the voice are wrong. There are degrees, of course. Nearly all the RSC people are so good that their imperfection is noticeable only by comparison with a Richardson, an Olivier; whereas a large proportion of Americans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are so bad that Shakespeare had as lief the town crier spoke his lines. Since it is not widely recognized that reading verse—even blank verse—is a special skill, it is not recognized that an actor who cannot read verse has no more business playing Hamlet than an actress who can't carry a tune has singing Violetta. (If this rule were followed, by the way, there would be far fewer productions of Shakespeare each year; and if there were fewer productions, directors might feel less impelled to do violence to the plays for the sake of being different.)

THE language barrier having crumbled, what this production showed is that, if even the lesser comedies of Shakespeare are staged with as much care as is given to the comedies of, say, Neil Simon or Noël Coward, they rank with them as living theater. Now that may sound like faint praise for the author of *Hamlet* and *King Lear* and *Romeo and Juliet*, but surely it is interesting that the man who wrote the greatest English tragedies also wrote enduringly funny comedy.

The comedy in *Love's Labour's Lost* derives equally from the puns, irony, and repartee, and from a wild whirl of mistaken identities, reversals, and discoveries. Four young men, led by the King of Navarre, have agreed to live the contemplative life for three years ("Our court shall be a little Academe"); they will study twenty hours a day, fast one day a week, and speak to no woman. The King, Longaville, and Dumaine enter into the project with adolescent enthusiasm; Berowne is horrified at the prospect of three years of privation, says so at great and deliciously witty length—and then signs the oath anyway, as he had promised to do. No sooner has he laid down the pen than an embassy of four ladies, headed by the Princess of France, comes into view. Each man quickly falls in love with one of the ladies. There is much to-do before ladies and gentlemen finally get together, and their story is complicated by a flock of rustics with subplots of their own: the euphuistic Don Adriano de Armado (played by Tony Church), said to be a caricature of Sir Walter Raleigh; his page, Moth (Martin Lev, who, if he is as young as he looks, must have been born speaking Shakespeare); a Latin-spouting schoolmaster (Norman Rodway); a lustful, manic shepherd (Mike Gwilym). The noblemen finally ask for the ladies' hands, and just then a messenger comes to say that the King of France—the Princess' father—is dead. The play suddenly deepens, as the young people are forced to put their foolery into the context of mortality.



Just to take one example of how an actor can use an inventive bit of stage business to help Shakespeare instead of hindering him (Joseph Papp, please note). In the first scene, as each of the men signs the oath, he exchanges his doublet for a long, priestly gown. The King, Longaville, and Dumaine carelessly button theirs down to the waist. Berowne, while the others are chatting, turns aside and methodically buttons every one of the closely set buttons from neck to ankle, then turns back to his companions with a smile of satisfaction as at a job well done. From that moment, Berowne has to be what Shakespeare's words later unfold: an adorable, ironical romantic who, having once decided to do a thing, will ardently and self-mockingly follow it through to the end.

As if to demonstrate their versatility, the RSC alternated *Love's Labour's Lost* with its exact opposite, Maxim Gorki's *Summerfolk*. In Shakespeare's Navarre, however silly or naughty the people may be, there is a sense of order in the world, a sense of which way is up. In Gorki's turn of the century Russia, everyone wonders at exasperating length what life means and why it is so empty, and we know the world will soon be turned upside down.

The actors here play characters diametrically different from their *Love's Labour's Lost* roles. Richardson—who as Berowne overflowed with physical and verbal vitality and never did anything by halves—becomes the languid, somewhat caddish, somewhat misogynic, half-failed writer Shalimov, full of *fin-de-siècle* ennui, a cross between Henry Higgins and a toned-down Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Estelle Kohler—the witty, vibrant Rosaline—becomes an overwrought, Emma Bovaresque lawyer's wife. Susan Fleetwood—the elegant, clever Princess of France—becomes a wild-eyed, unkempt, humorless poetaster. Tony Church—the affected, orotund Don Adriano—becomes the earthy Suslov, a self-made man who despises his neighbors' dissatisfaction.

As I write, the RSC is touring in Denver and Omaha. They will return to New York for *Lear*, a shortened version of *King Lear* to which I look forward with mingled delight and apprehension (why do people who can collaborate with Shakespeare so beautifully on his own terms have to fiddle with him?), and *He That Plays the King* (an anthology of extracts from the histories and tragedies compiled by Richardson, who will read it along with Mike Gwilym, Tony Church, and Susan Fleetwood), to which I look forward with unmingled delight. But—I say it to my great surprise—*Love's Labour's Lost* will be a hard act to follow. □

TELEVISION

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

All in Your Family

Although I was not one of the letter writers who bombarded the studios of CBS-TV several years ago when Norman Lear's *All in the Family* held its blue collar coming-out party, exulting in the network's supposed conversion to the *Weltanschauung* of the Borough of Queens, I was nevertheless taken instantly with this clever show, and count myself today as one of its many yet unjaded enthusiasts. Part of my delight in Lear's scripts is traceable, I suspect, to my longstanding admiration of Sinclair Lewis' work: surely Archie Bunker is the McLuhanesque counterpart of the Gutenbergian George Babbitt of half a century ago. The American appetite for social satire is, it seems, nearly as voracious as the Eng-

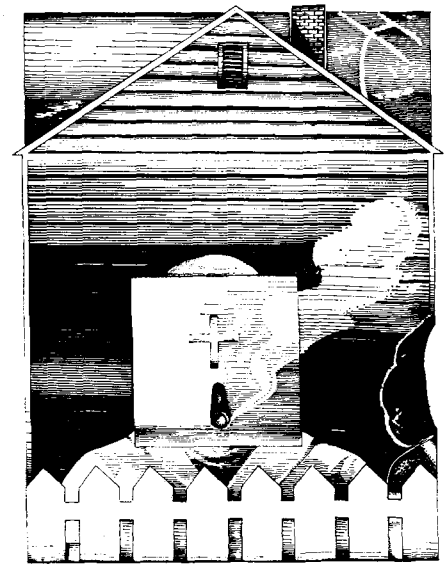
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lish: indeed, every American social class with the exception of course of the noble subproletariat has by now been depicted as a set of clowns. After watching Archie thrash about recently in the tatters of his precarious and blusterous self-complacency, I summarily canceled *The Jeffersons* and reached for my copy of the Lewis novel. By bedtime I had witnessed the systematic repudiation of the American lower middle and middle classes, and was ready to turn in the morning to Edith Wharton for the humiliation of the nobility.

Nothing in America, God knows, succeeds like success: it makes a man stand ten feet tall and a stockholder; it gives him an Evinrude outboard and Master Charge; it makes college graduates of his progeny and boosts them up to liberalism. Be he blue collar still, the Red or anarchist who scared Babbitt silly in Zenith fifty years ago is today, economically speaking, a member of the Establishment, and knows it. So, of course, do his social betters, which is where the blue collar discovers that his success has its sour aspects: the doctrine of Social Responsibility grabs him by the nape. In 1922, when Lewis wrote *Babbitt*, the white collar worker had yet to be made aware that he had somehow become—by intent, if not by deed—a sort of common law predator on society who put "property rights before human rights" (the former being presumably the rights of beasts) and was directly responsible, by dint of his efforts, comforts, prejudices, and even his bourgeois decencies, for the squalor of the universe, or at any rate for the squalor of Detroit, Harlem, Mississippi, and Calcutta.

By 1972, however, he was not only himself encapsulated in guilt but working overtime to associate his former drones, the "workers" of olden times, with his own sinning. Any man who can afford a sound house and a neat lawn and who makes $8 an hour is fully capable, so the present assumption has it, of perpetrating atrocities upon women, gays, ethnics, and river algae. Economic security, it has been discovered, . breeds comfort; which breeds a taste for privacy; which breeds complacency; which leads to social irresponsibility. The working class in America has come of age, and since 1970 it has had its own George Babbitt as the badge of its maturity.

Lear's brilliantly witty scripts (and those of his writers, for he seldom puts pen to paper for the Bunkers nowadays) suggest that the liberal middle class, as the mastermind of the sluggishly evolving Great Society, has formulated its own ideas of class responsibility. No longer is it willing to call down upon its head the wrath of Camelot and South Dakota for such amorphous crimes as bigotry, intolerance, and complacency. Its members are too polite to refer, even among themselves, to "wops" or "kikes" or "culluds" or "broads"; they have signed too many full-page primal screams in the *New York Times* and fed too much Piper-Heidsieck to too many Panthers to flay



themselves into the rehabilitation of their liberal psyches. In their hearts they know they're right: now they have only to activate their high principles, roll up their sleeves, get off their rumps. They are not gauche, for heaven's sake, and they are full of Concern. But there are others who yell "Polack" and "Dingbat," sleep in their underwear, and don't give a damn. They live out by the airport, pinned under the wings of 727s, and they've got to be uplifted. They have never heard of the Social Gospel and their manners are dreadful. The blue collar boys aren't terribly bright and they're not very talented, so they can't write sociological guidelines for affirmative action or whip the law round Southerners' ankles. But at least they can be expected to learn the right *attitude*.

Which is to say, they can be flogged with all the proper middle class mores of the sort that for a couple of hundred years have been saving the world for democracy. *All in the Family* is not preaching a new consciousness for a greening America: the virtues it pushes are as established as the concept of debt repayment. *Pace* the women's libbers, middle class American males have generally treated the ladies with respect: it's the denizens of milltown tenements who beat their wives. *Pace* the Marxists, Wall Streeters do not consider their operations theft. Like the lower orders, the middle class has exploited the Negro but it has not often resorted to lynching him. Most of what the Archie show is saying is that middle class decencies, the Ten Commandments, and a number of the civil statutes make sense, though they have been imperfectly taken to heart by people who were but recently working for 25 cents a day, drinking too much, pilfering bakeries, and going on strike at every possible opportunity. The much praised "frankness" and "courage" of the show in handling such touchy subjects as breast cancer, menopause, and homosexuality are not its lodestone. At bottom, *All in the Family* is a sort of media hornbook, stuffed with the Sunday School pieties of Grosse Pointe, Michigan.

This wicked capitalism of ours has had a disconcerting way of moving individuals, and even whole classes, up a notch or ten on the social and/or economic scale (Norman Lear's father was a ne'er-do-well salesman, a fact which I think significant); but this is not to say that America is not still separated into clearly defined social strata that are perceived even—or perhaps especially—by those who are most vocal about the need for homogenizing them. During the first decade and a half of the present century, the genteel Progressives set about reforming and uplifting everybody below the social rank of librarian. Today they discover that, at least partly as a result of their past labors, the old proletariat is now rubbing neighborhoods and bank accounts with the middle classes, and this at a time when the new subproletariat has become the subject of a new romantic movement. We must have new victims of society to agonize with and suffer for. As for the victims of old, they are now part of the problem. Materially speaking, they need no uplifting. But they do require refinement in the ways of responsible respectability. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Before Waugh and Greene, Gerhardie

D. KEITH MANO

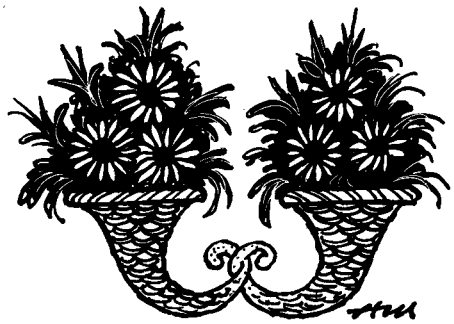
Futility
By William Gerhardie
St. Martin's, 205 pp., $7.95
The Polyglots
By William Gerhardie
St. Martin's, 328 pp., $7.95
Of Mortal Love
By William Gerhardie
St. Martin's, 324 pp., $7.95

I don't consider myself at all well read. To keep up, with my breakneck 200 wpm, I read walking across dangerous intersections, glassesless as a barber cuts my hair, and lately I read while driving at 55 mph on the right lane of superhighways. However, I do make a point of knowing which authors I should have read. That much at least I owe to literature. When these three novels by William Gerhardie arrived, I was taken aback. Review excerpts didn't come from the Placebo, Arkansas *Bee-Examiner*. They came from C. P. Snow, H. G. Wells, G. B. Shaw, Edith Wharton, that sort, and they said things like, "He is one of the immortals. He is our Gogol's *Overcoat*. We all come out of him." I had never read William Gerhardie. I had never even heard of him before.

I should have. And so should you. Gerhardie is one of the most important and most rewarding novelists to have written in this English century. Some biographical data are required. Gerhardie's fiction gets its very particular tone from his very particular experiences as a young man. He was born in 1896 or thereabouts, son of a British industrialist based at St. Petersburg. Father sent him to Oxford, hoping—apparently with some doubt—that he would learn usefulness. When World War I made its debut, Gerhardie was posted to Petrograd, then, in 1918, to the British mission at Vladivostok. There, for his personal amusement, was staged the wildest and most inept short sequence in modern war: allied intervention during the Russian Revolution. It was as close to farce as human tragedy can conveniently come.

His first two novels, *Futility* (1922) and *The Polyglots* (1925), are quite similar: eyewitness accounts of the hugger-mugger intervention exalted to marvelous comic fiction by a sensitive absurdist eye. A British eye. Red areas on the globe circa 1910 indicated nations where detached observation was going on. Asides to the audience: understated, elegant of style, somewhat separate, always somewhat privileged. You know, Waugh, Greene, and the others; they are Gerhardie's heirs. It was part of British colonialism and commerce that the foreign was exploited in fiction. There are other rapes than the one Lord Elgin pulled off.

But a gentle human tension pervades *Futility* and *The Polyglots* that, say, the author of *Black Mischief* would not even deign to RSVP. Gerhardie's subject is double: the nation and the family. The nation is huge, quite mad, divided against itself, disintegrating. The family is huge, quite mad, divided against itself, and yet obdurately cohesive—perhaps because of inertia and selfishness, perhaps because of love (which is often, in aspect, selfish and inertial).

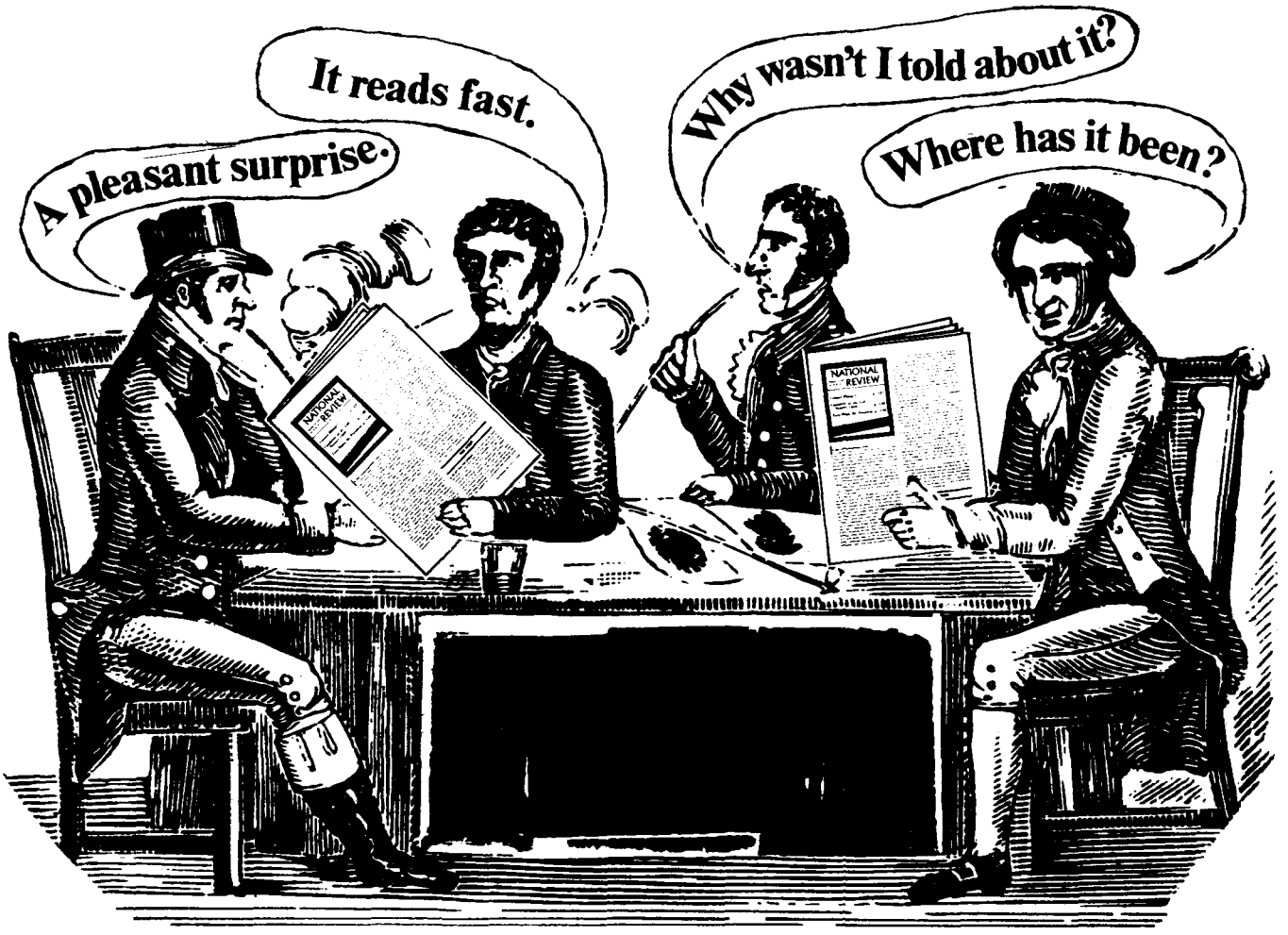


British fiction has invented better, more engaging eccentrics than any other literature. Gerhardie's two families—Russian in *Futility*, English-Belgian in *The Polyglots*—endure chaos extra- and intramural. Their insane quirks are comic but also defensive, even therapeutic. Monomania confronting the polymania of generals and bureaucrats and terrorists. It is these family groups, set against an ancient world's catastrophic end, that give Gerhardie's first two novels the high strain of resilient social tissue and loyalty, which, no matter how absurd at its surface, stands for human magnificence. He may be pardoned for using such an extraordinary theme twice. Novelists are seldom so fortunate in their biographies. *Futility* is a fine novel. *The Polyglots*, which refines it, must rank with Waugh's very best, with Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier*, amongst the three or four most superb examples of that peculiar and significant British fictional vision.

Futility announces a proviso. "The 'I' of this book is not me." But, as far as any first person can be the author

Edwin M. Yoder Jr. *is editor of the editorial page of the* Greensboro Daily News. . . . **Norbert Muhlen** *is the American correspondent for several European newspapers.* . . . **Reuben Maury** *recently retired as chief editorial writer of the* New York Daily News. . . . **Peter P. Witonski** *was a Fellow of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Where Have They Been Hiding This?

That's the reaction of many of our readers when they first discover the BULLETIN. It's a real find — and not easy to come by since it is sold by subscription only. But *you* can start getting it right now by mailing in that card over there.

National Review, as you know, is published every other week giving you the benefits of that vital "other side" of the news as only NR can. But the world doesn't stand still during that off week when the magazine is not published. Things keep happening all the time — but you need not suffer from an "information gap." You can keep up with that "other side" of the news on the off weeks as well.

The BULLETIN is the answer. It's as fresh and new as the week it appears and provides ample coverage of current events in an exclusive newsletter format, with features written by some of the best news analysts around. We've had people tell us that the BUSINESS section alone is worth the price in these days of economic stress and strain.

But of course there's a lot more. ON THE LEFT tells you what the Left is up to now; CAPITAL BULLETIN gives you a glimpse of the inner circles of government in Washington; WHAT'S AHEAD is an important preview, what to expect in the immediate future; AT HOME is an in-depth report on conservative concerns by Daniel Oliver; and so on and on, all top-drawer material. It's a gold mine of unduplicated inside information.

So start getting the BULLETIN regularly. That way you'll never be at the mercy of the mass media for an expert evaluation of what's happening. It's certainly easy enough. Simply fill in the card opposite this page and send it in today. We'll see that a copy of this fast-reading newsletter is in your mailbox every other week. Faithfully. Why not do it now, while it's fresh in your mind. At this price it's a rare bargain — one of the best $4.98's worth of value you'll find anywhere.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ STATISTICS: *Publishers Weekly* counted nearly 41,000 new books in 1974 (up over 2 per cent), estimates another 1,500 mass-market paperbacks slipped through its sieve. Those it counted ran to 2,802 (up 35 per cent). Quality paperbacks rose 17 per cent to 8,700. Prices for new hardcover books averaged $14.09, up from $12.20. Mass-market paperbacks went from $1.17 in 1973 to $1.28 last year. Quality paperbacks soared from $3.73 to $4.38.

■ SPORTS BOOKS: Tom Fitzpatrick assays Durocher on and off the field in *Leo the Lip* (Doubleday, $7.95). . . . *Bush League* is a history of minor league baseball by Robert Obojski (Macmillan, $9.95). . . . All the big games, as covered in contemporary accounts, are gathered by Red Smith into *The New York Times Book of Baseball History* (Quadrangle, May, $12.95). The same house issues *Times*man Joseph Durso's muckraking series on *The Sports Factory: An Investigation into College Sports* (June, $8.95). . . . *The Mark Spitz Complete Book of Swimming* is illustrated (T. Y. Crowell, June, $7.95). . . . Peter J. Golenbock chronicles the years of the *Dynasty: The New York Yankees 1949-1964* (Prentice-Hall, May, $9.95). The same house issues Pete Rose's own story, *Charlie Hustle* (June, $7.95). . . . Robert Obojski's *The Rise of Japanese Baseball Power* should spur rearmament, if anything can (Chilton, June, $8.95).

■ FILMS: *Jaws*, Peter Benchley's bestseller, is due for June release. . . . Gene Hackman and Candice Bergen *Bite the Bullet*. . . . *Brannigan* is John Wayne's latest. . . . Elaine May is guiding Peter Falk and John Cassavetes through *Mikey and Nicky* for Paramount. . . . Gene Hackman is back at the well for *French Connection II* at Fox. . . . Warner landed Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward for *The Drowning Pool*. . . . Helen Hayes returns to co-star with Peter Ustinov in *One of Our Dinosaurs Is Missing*. . . . Due for reissue: *A Lion in Winter, Snow White, Dirty Harry, Bambi,* and *Patton*. . . . Warner had Neil Simon adapt his own Broadway hit, *The Prisoner of Second Avenue,* for Jack Lemmon and Anne Bancroft. . . . Charles Bronson, James Coburn, and Jill Ireland star in Columbia's *Hard Times*. . . . Richard Roundtree will be *Man Friday* to Peter O'Toole's Crusoe.

in fiction, Gerhardie's first person is Gerhardie. *The Polyglots* has no proviso. It/they are a young first person, both charming and honest. Though perceptive, they do not judge. Their detachment, moreover, has been pleasantly flawed. They are in love. As Britain discovered excuses to intervene in Russia, these young British officers intervene in families for love. Each family has one beautiful, perverse, silly, self-interested young lady. Love fascinates Gerhardie. In its insane vagaries and destructiveness it parallels war. But young ladies are Gerhardie's problem both as first person and as novelist.

IN *Of Mortal Love* (1936) Gerhardie faced the ultimate fictional challenge at ten paces: to create a love-worthy woman. Perfect eyes or that special uptilted profile have no legal tender on the page. Men can be loved for their professions: artist, hero, citizen of the world. Women, 1930s women anyway, can be loved only for what they are. It comes down to dialogue and the odd action. Dinah has been given a boost over her capricious predecessors, but not enough of one. Gerhardie put governors on his comic sense, so that she should not be tainted by it. Yet Dinah is vain, fickle, overpassionate, full of childish inconsequence. At her tragic death, face powder is delivered from the chemist just too late. Dinah doesn't seem worth Gerhardie's time. Not so much of it at least.

And Gerhardie seems uncomfortable at home. *Of Mortal Love* is first rate, but the novel has only England in peacetime as a counterpoint. Perhaps he sensed this. Many chapter headings designate their subject matter by a place name; ordinary British folk make abortive cameo appearances in trams, in streets. It's as though these devices were intended to give the novel greater geographical and social breadth. Dinah has a St. Petersburg history and a large staff of relatives, but they are peripheral, they serve rather as live flashbacks. Gerhardie's other young women, less well conceived than Dinah, comic figures, were justified by both family and nation. Which all means: *The Polyglots* does tend to spoil one.

William Gerhardie was a major novelist, yet he has been out of print for over two decades. We owe St. Martin's Press our gratitude. Two decades. A novelist of this stature deserves more than twenty years' determined silence. It's enough to make any fiction writer retract the lead in his pencil and say, No. Not again. I won't. □

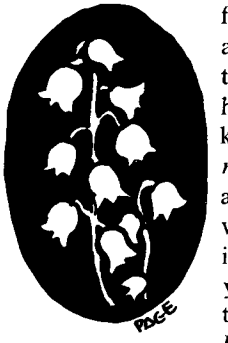
Pyramids of Sacrifice
By Peter L. Berger
Basic, 242 pp., $10

DOUBTING DEVELOPMENTALISM

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

Here is a little book that with sufficient readership might change the world for the better, by the simple expedient of arresting efforts that change it for the worse. Mr. Berger takes his title from the great Mexican pyramid at Cholula, where for ages hapless peasants have been sacrificed to a succession of deities, religious visions, social ideals, and garden-variety edifice complexes. His subject, however, is really the "development" of the so-called Third World—as both capitalist and Communist influences seek to propel it along.

Mr. Berger became intensely interested in the subject as he struggled to make sense of U.S. activity in Southeast Asia. Since then he has seen much of Latin America and Africa and what he has seen confirms his doubts about developmentalism. Thus, as he somewhere acknowledges, *Pyramids of Sacrifice* is an answer, freighted with the saddening wisdom of 15 years, to W. W. Rostow's *The Stages of Economic Growth*: Mr. Rostow's revelation that the uplift of Hottentots was not to stop with anything so modest as a quart of milk a day.

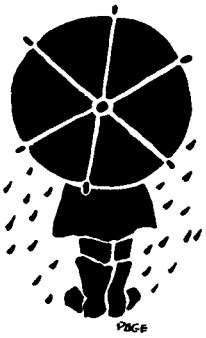


There is no doubt, I think, of Mr. Berger's personal commitment to basic human freedoms; but in fact he has measured both capitalist and Communist development nostrums and found both wanting. His common objection to both their blueprints is twofold: both fail "cognitively," in his word, by ignoring the perceptions of the "backward" peoples they target for benefits. Both exact crude sacrifice of life and spirit—the capitalist utopias often increasing hunger and disease while begetting a despair and uprootedness

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classically called *acedia*; the Communist utopias requiring "hecatombs" of political murder. "In both cases," he writes, "there is a legitimation of present evils in terms of putative future remedies . . . the necessities of the laws of economics in the first case (after a certain level of economic growth is reached, a distributional dynamic allegedly sets in), the necessities of the dialectic of history in the other (after the expropriators have been . . . expropriated, there will be no more need for a coercive state apparatus). . . . In both cases there is great vagueness as to when the happy consummation may be expected."

BOTH strategies, moreover, seek to transfer the untransferable. In Tanganyika under both German and British colonial regimes, the introduction of modern plows destroyed the terracing that had anciently prevented soil erosion. American plows did the same in Greece and India, Russian plows in Burma. But natives do sometimes catch on: "A few years ago visitors reported that large quantities of Soviet tractors were rusting in a lot near the Rangoon airport, where they had been discarded after it was discovered that their effect on the land was devastating."



After all, it is a fairly obvious point—even the literate Mr. Berger (presumably to keep his sociologist's union card current) calls it "dysfunctional transfer." But why do they keep doing it? It is, he says, a case of not having "cognitive respect," of refusing to accept that there can be wisdom in the peasant mentality, a belief that "consciousness" must be "raised."

The centerpiece of the book—it is most impressive—is a jaundiced comparison of developmental flimflams in Brazil and China. In Brazil, capitalist development has brought a substantial economic boom to the middle class, but at the cost of absolutely increasing the hunger and disease of a vast underclass. It is justified by Brazilian authorities on the usual grounds that before the pie can be worth slicing it must be baked. But meanwhile, a whole generation or two is sacrificed to a remediable misery, which might be alleviated, for instance, by relaxing wage controls.

In much the same way, but more horribly, the cost of development in China since 1950 has been the political deaths of millions, while most of old China has been jerked up by the roots. "The Chinese peasant has little use of . . . 'bourgeois liberties.' . . . But he is very much concerned with his right to maintain the uninterrupted worship of his ancestors, to live his own life in the protective proximity of their tombs, and to raise his children in accordance with traditional precepts. . . . It is the regime's assault on 'peasant liberties' that is the primary issue."

Mr. Berger's book, as I have hinted, is necessarily schematic, though not lacking in hard facts and figures. It is distinguished, among such critiques of developmentalist designs on the Third World, for its catholicity of sympathy and its civilized detachment from ideological *partis pris*. Mr. Berger writes as a humanist, a *moraliste*, from within a tradition that predates industrialism and the transitory ideological bubbles it generates.

I SAID at the outset that such a book, with sufficient readership, might change the world for the better—not because Mr. Berger would arrest the development of the Third World, but because he would chasten the Faustian zeals that drive developmentalist intellectuals everywhere, and above all in Washington and Moscow. Nothing could be more prudent and humane than the caution he urges:

> All political action takes place in a context of inadequate information and inability to foresee the future. . . . I suppose the method also implies a sense of the irony of history and of the burdens of power. . . . Both the fanatic and the technician avoid the *sentimento tragico* that comes from honest confrontation with the realities of the human condition. The fanatic . . . by convincing himself that he possesses all the right answers, the technician by denying that there are any deeper questions.

Alas, "a sense of the irony of history" and of "the burdens of power" are gifts of the gods and the gods are parsimonious in awarding them, especially to intellectuals. But where the gods have rationed gifts of tentativeness, of modesty, of nice calculation of human gain and loss, Mr. Berger's splendid book may be the best substitute. If I could, I would ship a crate of this book to every industrial capital, East and West, and insist that the world-shakers digest it before continuing the struggle to share the blessings of modernity with "backward peoples." □

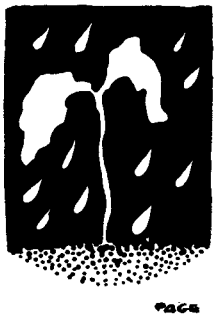
The Hundred Days to Hitler
By Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel
St. Martin's Press, 245 pp., $8.95

COTTAGE INDUSTRY HISTORY OF HITLER

NORBERT MUHLEN

One consequence of Hitler's crimes still continues: every year, if not every month, the world has to wade through a newly published book on his life and crimes. A big red swastika and his magic name on the jacket seem an almost certain guarantee of its sales to a public which appears forever puzzled, thrilled, horrified, and fascinated by the rather sordid subject. As there remain few new facts and facets of Hitler's biography to be unearthed, most recent publications on the Nazi past have offered merely a rehash of findings and theses made known before by students in the field.

The Hundred Days to Hitler serves as a perfect example of that kind of literature. Its authors, Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel, two British movie writers who for more than a decade have turned the production of books on bits and pieces of the Nazi era into a kind of cottage industry, now attempt to describe Hitler's last and ultimately successful battle for power in Germany. Somewhat arbitrarily, they date this often desperate, finally decisive period from Hitler's expulsion of Otto Strasser, a more moderate old Nazi, from the party ranks to Hitler's triumphant entry into the Reich Chancellery and the passing of the law that invested him with dicta-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torial power—a period which, incidentally, took seven days more than the authors' catchy title indicates. At the time, the democratic mechanisms of the Weimar Republic had already stopped working, and the country was ruled by Franz von Papen, later by Kurt von Schleicher, two incapable amateurs in politics who mistook intrigue for statesmanship and governed merely by the grace of the by then quite senile Reich president, ex-General Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg.

With the people at large terrorized by Hitler's brown-shirted revolutionaries as well as by the Communist revolutionaries, and the silent majority of law abiding citizens shrinking until they were a frightened, near desperate minority, Hitler was able to trade on their hope that he, and he alone, could unite the nation again and heal its deep wounds. While the Communists covertly supported his rise to power in the expectation that it would speed up their own subsequent takeover, many—though by no means most—conservatives assumed they had to swallow the bitter Hitler medicine as the lesser evil in order to save the country from chaos. Rather naively, they thought Hitler could easily be "tamed" by his betters once they admitted him to their respectable power structure; quite a few saw in him just another ill-bred, illiterate rabblerouser whom the established insiders could easily "use" after they relieved him of his status as an outcast. True, in not one single free election could he ever win a majority of the German vote, but as a master of political scheming he knew how to play on the illusion, ignorance, and weak convictions of his ranking adversaries.

This much, at least, emerges from the authors' account of the negotiations, maneuvering, and deceptions by which non-Nazi and Nazi leaders tried to outsmart each other, with Hitler proving himself the smartest of them all, because he understood the nature of power better than anybody else. Except for the diaries of two peripheral actors in this drama, *The Hundred Days* offers no new material or insights on this chapter of history; frequently the narrative repeats what the late Konrad Heiden, Hitler's first and best biographer, published in his pioneering biography, *Der Führer*, as early as 1944.

If readers of this chronicle—with its portrait of a demon as a political wheeler-dealer—expect an answer to the question, "How was it possible that Hitler could become Germany's leader?" they will be disappointed. Far from being the outcome of a spurt of one hundred (or 107) days, that victory resulted from almost 14 years of spiritual, social, economic, and political crises brought about by mass unemployment, hunger, the inflationary expropriation of the middle classes, the atrophy of democratic institutions through intellectual nihilism and systematic subversion, a dissolving social structure, the disappearance of legitimate authority and of a sense of community, and —last but by no means least—continuous national humiliations. Skillfully exploited by a brilliant demagogue, who was also an accomplished politician and, above all, a radical revolutionary out to destroy in order to remake the world in his own image, the confluence of all these developments opened the door to the Third Reich. Unfortunately, this book barely touches on, and indeed often ignores, these decisive factors in Hitler's power grab. □

Bargaining at the Local Level
By John J. Collins
Fordham, 191 pp., $10

GOOD NEWS ABOUT UNIONS

REUBEN MAURY

"Company union" is a generation-old sneer-smear term dear to the hearts of leaders and some members of the big national and international labor organizations. It refers to any local union, formed with the employer's consent and approval, and working along amicably with management to obtain ever better working conditions and wages for the employees while allowing the employer to make decent profits. A more polite but less accurate term is "independent union."

Company unions almost never get into newspaper headlines or onto television or radio news programs. Hence, it may be news to some Americans that more than a few of these organizations are active in the United States, and rather often prove immune to attempted takeovers by the AFL-CIO, Teamsters Union, United Auto Workers, Steelworkers, etc. Members of company unions fairly frequently vote against absorption by national/international unions in elections supervised by the National Labor Relations Board, partial to the big organizations though the NLRB notoriously is.

Mr. Collins tells much of this interesting and important story in his book. A professor of history at Fordham University, he has been an advisor for over 35 years to various independent ("company") unions in the U.S.-flag tanker fleet. He says:

> Members of negotiating committees of independent unions are elected from among fellow employees and presumably do not possess the expertise necessary to field the arguments made by sophisticated management negotiators. Then why do they survive? Because there is an integrity on both sides that recognizes that bargaining per se is not the be-all and end-all of existence. Rather it is recognized as a forum that permits open and frank discussion of employer-employee misunderstandings—including a realistic look at prevailing wages, hours, and working conditions in the industry—with a firm resolution at least to meet them through negotiations. Foolish beyond words is that management which does not value the opportunity to resolve differences directly with employee-elected representatives. As a further plus, participation in the decision-making process which constitutes bargaining has a salutary effect on responsible employee representatives. This is a byproduct of independent union bargaining and a mighty precious one.

What sort of results does such a union get for its members? On first reading Collins' description, one would expect little if anything to come out of such mild and gentlemanly negotiations, with no pickets making ready to march and no labor leaders yelling their heads off about filthy capitalistic employers grinding workers' faces in the dust.

The facts, according to Dr. Collins, are dramatically otherwise. Actually, he reports, citing copious statistics as corroboration, the independent unions do as well regarding money and working conditions for their members as the national unions do, and sometimes they do better.

An illustration: at the Armco steel plant in Middletown, Ohio, where an independent union represents the work-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers, there was not a single strike or other work stoppage in the period 1943-1961. At Armco's Ashland, Ohio plant, where the national Steelworkers union represents the workers, there were 25 strikes in that same period of 17 years. Yet Middletown pay was higher than Ashland pay.

From this book one gets a feeling that maybe—just maybe—the national and international labor organizations are already past their prime, for all their current wealth and appearance of strength, and are on the way to being replaced by independent unions. Such unions, on past performance, would junk the war whoops about employer exploitation and worker oppression, and would team up quietly with management to make things ever better for everybody in the U.S. labor force *and* for owners and stockholders.

If this reviewer were George Meany of the AFL-CIO, or I. W. Abel of the Steelworkers, or Leonard Woodcock of the UAW, or any other labor tycoon, he would read the Collins book most carefully. And he would as carefully refrain from ever mentioning the book to his rank and file followers. □

The European Discovery of America: The Southern Voyages, 1492-1616
By Samuel Eliot Morison
Oxford, 758 pp., $17.50

MORISON'S FLAWED VOYAGE

PETER P. WITONSKI

Samuel Eliot Morison still wields the formidable pen that has won him so much praise in the past; and the present volume is full of the enthusiasm, wit, and style we have come to expect from this grand old historian. But *The European Discovery of America*, like so many of Morison's other books, is a flawed work. Morison has helped to popularize the Discoveries as a serious academic enterprise, and to smash a great deal of the mythology and nationalistic humbug that dominated the field, but his work has been marred by a penchant for faulty conclusions, pedagogic prejudices, and bad translations (which have led him totally to misinterpret certain fundamental source materials).

Morison has ignored the revolutionary contributions made by such important modern writers as Armando Cortesão, John Parry, and David Quinn, and derived much of his inspiration from such gifted nineteenth century amateurs as John Fiske and Henry Harrisse (although he does not often agree with them). Indeed, he has never had much use for most modern historians of the Discoveries, whom he has frequently dismissed as "armchair navigators." The great studies of European scholars, particularly Portuguese historians, have long ranked high among Morison's many pet hates. His study of the *Portuguese Voyages to North America* was, in large part, a malicious polemic against the work of Jaime and Armando Cortesão, whose scholarship, Morison declared, was an outgrowth of Portuguese chauvinism and armchair navigation. While Morison mentions a great deal of the latest scholarship in the notes he has haphazardly appended to his chapters—a fact that would suggest that he is familiar with some of the more recent developments in the field—his citations seem to have only a vague relationship to the opinions in his actual text.

His prejudices against scholarly landlubbers and his propensity for off-the-cuff opinionizing have, in the past, often led him to make egregious mistakes. In his *Admiral of the Ocean Sea*, for example, he ignored the contributions of scholars and scientists to Columbus' voyage to America. Paolo Toscanelli, the great Florentine physician and mathematician whose theories on the size of the earth and the location of the Spice Islands inspired Columbus, was described by Morison as "a mere dabbler in astronomy and mathematics." But Columbus, who carried a letter written by Toscanelli to King John II of Portugal in an effort to prove the viability of his proposed voyage to Asia, obviously considered Toscanelli to be one of the greatest minds of his day. So did Vassari, Vespasiano, and Regiomontanus, all of whom praised Toscanelli as the heir to Ptolemy. Had Morison bothered to read these contemporary sources, let alone the nineteenth century study of Toscanelli's life and times written by Uzielli, he might have saved himself a little embarrassment, and presented his readers with a more accurate picture. But that would have meant taking some of the glory away from Columbus. In the present volume Toscanelli is reduced to the status of "pen pal" to Fernão Martins, the Canon of the Lisbon Cathedral. His analysis of Toscanelli's letter to Columbus, and the picture of the world it presented, appear to be based on a profound ignorance of Renaissance geographic thought.

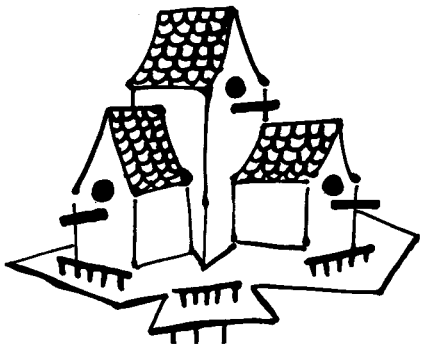
Occasionally Admiral Morison's prejudices have led him to flippant dismissals of important primary sources and other forms of evidence that are new to him, or that do not conform to his own ideas. His dogmatic rejection of a pre-Columbian Portuguese voyage to America, despite ample cartographic and documentary evidence that such a voyage or voyages did take place, is but one example. These voyages, he tells us in the present volume, "are modern-made myths, phantoms which left not one footprint on the sands of time." But, when confronted with the footprints in the form of the fifteenth century maps Armando Cortesão gives in his book *The Nautical Chart of 1424*, Morison lapses into vitriolic polemicism. He tries to refute Cortesão's evidence by distorting the book's content and insulting Professor Cortesão's university (Coimbra) as a place "where medieval dialectic, based on *a priori* reasoning, has lasted longer than in any other university in the Western world." He is similarly spiteful in refusing to accept the existence of a Portuguese policy of national secrecy relating to the new discoveries, and to the new navigational techniques, rutters, maps, and regiments engendered by those discoveries. The fact that the "policy of secrecy" is a logical theory, backed up by numerous derivative sources, including the chronicles of Zurara and Barros, has little impact on Morison's thinking. Yet the very plausible policy of secrecy helps to explain why such important Renaissance works as Duarte Pacheco's *Esmeraldo de Situ Orbis* were censored in their own time, not to be published until the nineteenth century.

Although Morison has written elsewhere that King John II "*suspected* the existence . . . of Brazil" before its offi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cial discovery by Pedro Alvares Cabral in 1500, he now rejects the possibility of a pre-Cabralian discovery, since it would lend credence to the policy of secrecy. This despite the fact that the Treaty of Tordesillas of 1494 clearly indicates some knowledge of the Brazilian landmass. When King John predicted the existence of Brazil to Columbus, Morison argues, he was merely "reflecting the medieval antipodean school of cosmography," in much the same manner as Vincent de Beauvais, who predicted that there simply had to be a continent to the west of Africa for reasons of symmetry. But the antipodean school of thought had never been a strong factor in Portuguese nautical thought, and by the end of the fifteenth century it was out of fashion throughout most of Europe. Pacheco's testimony to the King that "we have known and seen, since . . . 1498, of a very large landmass in the Western region with many large islands adjacent, extending 70° North of the Equator, and located beyond the great Ocean," also fails to budge Morison from his own antipodeanism.

The most interesting part of the book is Morison's section on Magellan and his voyages. Magellan scholarship has advanced little beyond the eyewitness



account of the great mariner's shipmate, Antonio Pigafetta. Morison brings all the Magellan literature together, including the recent work of Avelino Teixera da Mota; and while there is little in Morison's account that will not be found in Viscount Lagoa's magisterial two-volume history of Magellan, the Admiral must be praised for bringing it all together in English. Magellan has replaced Columbus as Morison's hero, and he concludes (rightly, I think) that Magellan was the greatest navigator of the Age of Discovery, and that his circumnavigation of the world was the greatest single achievement in maritime history. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MICHELANGELO, *by Howard Hibbard (Harper, 347 pp., $12.50);* FRA ANGELICO, *by John Pope-Hennessy (Cornell University, 242 pp., $42.50).* Howard Hibbard's *Michelangelo* is a model of what is so often a contradiction in terms, popular scholarship, a book probably aimed at the textbook market but one which should appeal to a far wider readership than college students. It is also a model of book making. Despite the complexity of its subject—Michelangelo lived 89 years and his legacy comprises not only painting, sculpture, and architecture but nearly 500 letters, some 300 poems, and hundreds of drawings—its size and price are modest, its heft negligible so that, joy of joys, you can read it in bed. For the customary battery of footnotes Professor Hibbard substitutes "Notes for Further Reading" and an up-to-date bibliography. Best of all, every work is illustrated where it is discussed, a blessing to anyone familiar with the problem of finding *Figure x* or *Plate y*, which makes perusal of most art books, especially of the coffee table variety, so nerve frazzling. The lack of color plates, to which the book's reasonable cost can be attributed, is unimportant since all Michelangelo's work, whatever the medium, is basically sculpturesque—and anyway, excellent ones are easily available in other publications.

Unlike far too many of his academic colleagues, Professor Hibbard writes clearly and succinctly, so that the reader is painlessly made to understand such complicated matters as the iconographical scheme of the Sistine ceiling and the vicissitudes of Michelangelo's lifelong involvement with the Tomb of Julius II (the abstrusities of which are to students of art history what Schleswig-Holstein was to Victorian politicians). More importantly, he is left with a deepened comprehension of the components of Michelangelo's transcendent artistic power, its relevance not just to his own time but to ours. Books like this are rare at any price; this one is a real bargain and Professor Hibbard is to be congratulated.

So, though differently, is Sir John Pope-Hennessy, Director of the British Museum and one of the greatest living authorities on Italian art, for his monograph on Fra Angelico. A reworking and rethinking of the author's 1952 study, its catalogue raisonné contains new attributions which seem bound to fuel professional controversy in the foreseeable future. This *is* a coffee table book in weight and dimension, with beautiful illustrations (the colored ones are unusually good) confronting the reader with the usual hide-and-seek problems. The closely written text, which assumes that the reader is more than casually familiar with fifteenth century Florentine art, is not meant to beguile. But it offers much to anyone seriously interested in this most serenely radiant of all religious artists, whose paintings, in Sir John's words, "are informed with a tenderness, indeed affection, that gives tangible expression to the mystical value of charity, are undisturbed by profane interests and untinged by doubt." Sir John notes that no painter's work has been more widely reproduced than Fra Angelico's—and this would, he thinks, have pleased the artist because no matter how bad or tasteless some of the copies appear to the discriminating, "they still perform the function they were orginally designed to serve, and testify to the continuing value of his apostolate."

RUTH BERENSON

WALLACE STEVENS: *Imagination and Faith, by Adalaide Kirby Morris (Princeton University Press, 205 pp., $9.50).* Useful works of literary criticism tend to belong to one of two categories: those that do a close textual analysis of their subject's works, and those that trace and analyze the growth of certain ideas. The temptation lurking in the second sort of criticism is to use the subject to illustrate a thesis, instead of developing a thesis that will illuminate his works; it is a temptation Mrs. Kirby does not resist. She turns Stevens' symbols into clichés, like "Only in evolving beyond Christianity can we liberate the increasingly human self." Stevens deserved better.

LINDA BRIDGES

THE FIRST CHURCHILL, *by Correlli Barnett (Putnam, 288 pp., illus., $14.95).* The Duke of Marlborough, who cut a fine figure and prided himself on his lavish possessions (especially those others had paid for), would thoroughly appreciate Correlli Barnett's new biography. Poring over its richly illustrated pages is rather like taking a leisurely tour through Blenheim Palace, the pride of the Duke's old age, "where he assembled the trophies, gifts, and plunder of a military and diplomatic career that is still unique in British history. Mr. Barnett, a competent military historian, also does justice to Marlborough's remarkable gifts as a diplomat, a courtier, and, to put it bluntly, a climber. Seldom have good looks, intelligence, and the burning desire to rise above the decayed gentility of one's family carried a man further. At his height, the Duke led most of Europe in a crusade against French imperialism, while his confederates and his odd but effective wife Sarah kept Queen Anne on a short leash at home. Considering the size and scope of his achievement, and the odds he had to contend with, he may have been the greatest, as well as the first, of the Churchills.

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READER'S SERVICE

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your old address label here. Print new address below, including your ZIP code.

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER
that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)
ADDRESS _____
(New address–if moving)
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ **PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO** ☐ **I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $15.00 rate. Please enter my** ☐ **new** ☐ **renewal subscription:** ☐ **payment enclosed** ☐ **bill me later.**

Quality . . . Quality . . .
Quality always tells.
"INVESTMENT ESSENCE"
is
a monthly investment letter designed for the true investor seeking to build a quality portfolio suitable for his long-term objectives. (*Not* intended for speculators or traders.)

Kerry Corporation
P.O. Box 71
Boonton, New Jersey 07005

I wish to subscribe to "INVESTMENT ESSENCE" for 1 year (12 issues). Enclosed is my check for $100 payable to: Kerry Corporation.

Print Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____
State: _____ **Zip:** _____

(Not assignable without consent)

WARNER

(Continued from page 397)

and the recording, Burchett took a letter from Kniss to his wife and posted it in Peking.

Predictably, of course, Burchett argued in court that Kniss was not telling the truth; he insisted that he had never exchanged a word with Kinne before in his life, that he had never seen the next witness, Colonel Walker Mahurin, until he appeared in court, and that the first time he ever heard of germ warfare in Korea was in 1952.

He was proved a liar from his own writings. An interview with Mahurin in prison camp under Burchett's byline appeared in the *London Daily Worker* and the Hsinhua news agency. Asked to identify the article, Burchett confessed that he must have written it.

He repeated that he had not heard of germ warfare until 1952 and then, confronted with *China's Feet Unbound*, conceded that he had referred to it in the introduction bearing the date August 1951, though that must have been a printer's error!

After retiring for three and a half hours the jury found that the article in *Focus* was defamatory but that it was a fair account of proceedings published in the Australian Senate, and therefore privileged. Under the circumstances, it was not necessary for the jury to go on and decide whether the allegations that Burchett had worked for the KGB and his activities in Korea and Vietnam were true and whether it was for the public benefit that they should be published. He had lost his case already.

Apart from Krotkov's evidence, the KGB allegations were scarcely proved, nor could they be. But if this was in a sense anticlimactic, the judge left little doubt about where he felt the weight of evidence on Korea and Vietnam lay when he awarded full costs to the defendant. Burchett had sought trial and had been found guilty of crimes that justified the claims of those who on so many occasions from the witness box had called him a traitor.

But what now? Is this Lord Haw-Haw to retain his Australian passport, to be granted visas to the United States when he wants them, to appear in the columns of the non-Communist American press as an objective reporter of the world scene? His latest reports, incidentally, are being filed from Portugal.

It was strongly bruited about that the plan, if he cleared his name in Sydney, was that he should become a roving Australian ambassador in the Communist world. One of Burchett's ambitions is to heal the split between Moscow and Peking. Perhaps this was the idea of his highly placed friends in Canberra.

The ambassadorship is out of the question now. The first administrative act of the Whitlam government was to give Burchett back his Australian passport, but, however much some of its members may support his ideological views, it is in too much trouble at home to think of employing him in any capacity after the publicity the trial received.

Not very much attention was paid to the trial elsewhere. For nearly a quarter of a century Burchett has been in the front ranks of the enemies of the United States. That is where he will remain now. But surely it is not asking too much that the real nature of the man should be made known to the American people. ☐

LETTERS

(Continued from page 373)

legal or not. What has terrorism to do with this? Did we call for a lynching?

4. What we ridiculed was the sentimentalizing of Edelin as a benefactor. By the way, none of NR*'s editors, not even the Irish Catholics among them, not even the non-Catholic, non-Irish author of the peccant editorial, joined or approved the stoning of schoolchildren.*

5. Perhaps this point could best be settled by arranging for Mr. Cunningham to feel some pregnant lady's tummy.—ED.

Amnesty Adoptees

It is an interesting coincidence that the reports of Simas Kudirka's arrival in America and the Soviet persecution of Georgii Vins were printed in the same issue of *NR* [Dec. 6] as George Nash's article on Amnesty International. Both Mr. Kudirka and Mr. Vins were Amnesty adoptees and both were selected for the monthly Postcards for Prisoners Campaign (Kudirka in June 1974 and Vins in October 1974).

Kelseyville, Calif. DONALD C. KOSLOFF

Take Off the Blinders

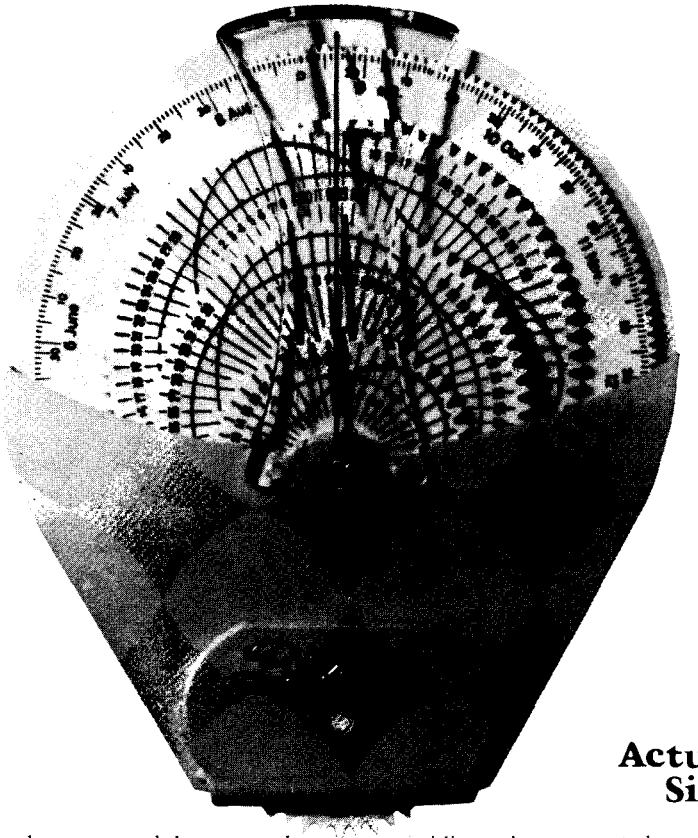
Alan Reynolds ["What Does Ralph Nader Really Want?" Feb. 28] has pointed out a very real problem and I agree with him in general, but the crux of the issue comes in the last paragraph where he quotes Forrest McDonald: "As a society we have a powerful urge for self-destruction . . . The consumerists and environmentalists cater to this weakness in our national character."

I respectfully suggest that Mr. Reynolds stop whatever he is doing for a while and reflect on the society we have. Mass

(Continues on page 413)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU



Actual Size

Nearly 90 years ago, Sigmund Freud had a new idea about human behavior. It dealt with body cycles . . . biological rhythms determined at birth. We all have them—three of them, in fact, according to numerous present-day scientists, psychology magazine articles, even recent TV programs. An *emotional* cycle . . . an *intellectual* cycle . . . and a *physical* cycle.

The little BIOMATE computer shown here will chart your life cycles for you—and tell you a lot about yourself. Set it to your birthdate, flip the dials each day, look at the charts and cycle curves . . . and you'll know when to buy, when to sell, when to act fast, when to stall, when to exercise or rest—even when to stay home in bed. You might be *surprised* by what you learn. Certainly *fascinated . . .* and *entertained,* to say the least. If you're *none of these things,* you'll get your money back anyway—and we'll admit we've met a hard-nosed skeptic. Send for your BIOMATE today. It's just ten dollars. We think you'll find it an intriguing investment.

unique
Products Co.
Dept. Z-366, Hanover, Pa. 17331

All of us have our good days . . . and our bad days. What if you could know these days in *advance* . . . so that you could schedule your important activities for the days on which you would be *sure to be at your best?*

Now you can know for months, even years, in advance just how you're likely to "shape up" on any given day. Day by day, BIOMATE gives you an accurate, *scientifically proven* reading of your (1) *emotional* moods, (2) *intellectual* power, and (3) *physical* condition. Accepted and certified in 1961 by the Science Academy of America—and recently detailed in magazine articles (*Human Behavior,* April, 1973) and special television documentaries—the science of bio-rhythm deals with the ebb and flow of the above three cycles *within every one of us.* Consider this:

FACT. Time after time after time the outcome of professional football games proved to be exactly as bio-rhythm researchers had predicted. Ask the Washington Redskins, for example, about a certain game they lost to the lower-rated New England Patriots. Experts had predicted the Redskins to win. Bio-rhythm researchers, after interviewing each of the teams' members, predicted the upset.

FACT. Bio-rhythm can reduce accidents. Among the companies which have made use of the bio-rhythm method in their safety programs are: the Omi Railway in Japan, which has compiled an astounding accident-free record; 5,000 other Japanese firms; many European airlines; the transportation system of Zurich, National Lead Industries, etc.

FACT. BIOMATE and bio-rhythm can predict the "unpredictable." For example, checking back on Babe Ruth's birth date with BIOMATE, we find that he hit 79% of his home runs during peaks in his physical or emotional cycles. BIOMATE also tells us that Franco Harris of the Pittsburgh Steelers made the "play of the century" when he was at a *triple* peak—i.e., the "high period" of all three cycles.

FACT. BIOMATE also shows us that: Billie Jean King won against Bobby Riggs when she was at a "high" in two of her cycles; Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe committed suicide on their "critical days," or mid-cycle periods; Clark Gable suffered his fatal heart attack on his "critical day"; Custer's disastrous "last stand" occurred on a day when his emotional and mental cycles were at low points . . . *days when his judgment and decision-making ability were likely to be below-par.*

What about . . . *YOU?* For fascinating insights into your day-to-day moods . . . for a good look at what's going on in your personal "underground" . . . and for the *fun* of it, too . . . send for BIOMATE *today.* It will tell you quite a bit about your *tomorrows.*

BIOMATE (No. Z92155), only **$10 postpaid.** Complete with drawstring, satin carry case and detailed instructions.

The UNIQUE Guarantee

Unique ideas, unique quality, unique value—accurately described and promptly shipped. Plus a promise: you must be pleased with your purchase **always** (a month from now or a year from now) or your money back fast. That's a UNIQUE guarantee!

UNIQUE Products Co. Dept. Z-366, Hanover, Pa. 17331

Please rush (Qty.)_____**BIOMATE computer(s)** (No. Z92155) at **$10 each, postpaid,** complete with drawstring, satin carry case, detailed instructions. (Pa. and Md. residents add appropriate tax.)
I enclose $_____ (cash, check or m.o.).

PRINT NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Situations Wanted

PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC TEACHER, male, 48, white, seeks 8 weeks summer job. $100 week + expenses, anywhere, U.S.A., have chauffeur's license, common sense, non-smoker, non-drinker. Any ideas? Larry B., P. O. Box 9152, Charlotte, N. C. 28299.

CONSERVATIVE SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR, experienced as Superintendent, Principal, Professor, Doctorate Prestige University, seeks public or private school position. Write NR Box 1896.

PRIZE-WINNING, Right-minded editor/writer, 10 years on top newsweekly, seeks conservative milieu. Extensive arts, humanities, media background. National, international freelance; wide European travel. Relocate for right job. Write NR Box 1889.

INTERIOR DESIGNER—Seeks conservative professionals who want offices, clubs, or restaurants designed or embellished. Plans only, or full turnkey programs. All work guaranteed and competitive. INTERIORS, PLANNED FOR SUCCESS by FLOURTOWN DESIGN ASSOCIATES, INC. Box 343, Jenkintown, Pa. 19046, Robert H. Schmidt, ASID. (215) 884-6050—write or call for details.

Employment Opportunity

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 1750-A, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

Real Estate

SUMMER RENTALS vicinity Kent, Ct.: Totally charming two bedroom cottage, owner maintained garden, guest house, near lake. Sorry, no children, $1,500 two months. Marvelous lake view, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, wisteria covered veranda, $2,000 June 15—Aug. 15. Handsome country house, 4 bedrooms, huge pool, $1,800 August. Write or call MARCIA L. BURNHAM & ASSOC., Kent, Ct. (203) 927-3117, (203) 927-3875.

KONA COAST COVE, ¼ acre, near Milolii Fishing Village, ideal hideaway, sell, trade for income producer. Call (801) 394-3944 or write NR Box 1898.

Travel/Camps

BACKPACKING AND MOUNTAINEERING trips in the Montana wilderness. For 1975 brochure, write: Montana Mountain Trips, 3401 14th Avenue South, Great Falls, Mt. 59405.

NOTE: Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 65¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.50 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date.

60 FT. SCHOONER available for charter in Florida and Bahamas. Air-conditioned, 3 private staterooms accommodates party of six. Main saloon equipped with bar refrigerator, sink, piano, TV. Large comfortable sheltered lounging and dining area on deck. Licensed Captain, cook, and mate at your service. All C.G. equipment. For brochure and information write or call: Caribbean Enterprises, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016, (212) 679-7330.

VOYAGES TO AMERICA. Cruise through our nation's heartland and history at a relaxing six miles per hour aboard The Delta Queen, last of the overnight paddlewheel steamboats. You'll discover a forgotten America along the mighty Mississippi and beautiful Ohio Rivers. For a brochure and '75 cruise schedule write The Delta Queen, Dept. NA 04, 322 E. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

COME BACK . . . to unspoiled beauty in a mountain, lake, and country setting. Lakeside inn (with new handsomely decorated rooms) and non-housekeeping cottages. Private pool, tennis. Golf, riding stables nearby. Children's program. Moderate rates include 2 meals daily. Cocktail lounge. Call (603) 763-2762, write Farrell Quinlan, Indian Cave Lodge, Box 33, Sunapee, N.H. 03782.

Literary

OUT-OF-PRINT record wanted: Rail Dynamics, 1070/L.P. by Cook Laboratories, Stamford, Ct. Write NR Box 1897.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS: Searched; all subjects. Lists mailed. REGENT HOUSE, 108 N. Roselake Avenue, Los Angeles, Ca. 90026.

FLORIDA BOOKS—Not tourist styled. Factual information on jobs, homes, schools, business, retirement. All 3 books $5.95. Free brochure. Florida Ltd., P. O. Box A 2472, Clearwater, Fla. 33517.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

WOMAN COLUMNIST, personable, feminine, Jewish, rejects Women's Lib, would meet tall man, traditional outlook, 40-55. Write NR Box 1895.

Miscellaneous

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE our official/exclusive replica printed in three colors on 17" X 22" parchment. Bordered with photos of all Presidents, from George Washington to Gerald R. Ford. Suitable for framing. Ideal for home, office, or classroom. 24 hour delivery service—$3.50 ppd. Grand Prix, 1974 Anthony Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10457.

QUICK LASTING, MENTHOL-COOL relief for hot, tired, itchy feet. Relieve/prevent athletes foot. Greaseless, stainless, quick-drying, hours of cool, soothing comfort. Used in finest clubs. Nothing else like it. Money-back guarantee. FOOT/RUBB $3.50 (8 oz.) ppd. P. O. 151, Verona, N.J. 07044.

FAMINE AND SURVIVAL IN AMERICA by Ruff, describes the perfect nutritional Emergency Food Storage Program. $5.00 postpaid. Security Foods Co., Box 3042, Santa Barbara, Ca. 93105.

LEARN TO READ French, German, Italian, or Spanish WITHOUT MEMORIZING ANYTHING. Revolutionary new Rundle System. Send $19.95, specify language, or write for free descriptive London Daily Telegraph feature article. Templegate, Box 963, Springfield, Ill. 62705.

FASTEST PIANO COURSE EVER! American invention! Box 751-N LaCanada, Ca. 91011.

ALL CITY ALARM COMPANY. Securities Company now specializing in sub-contracting, willing to deal direct with public. Save money by eliminating the cost of the middle man. Specializing in FIRE & BURGLAR ALARMS (residential and commercial). All equipment UL approved. Write NR Box 1891.

CAN'T SLEEP? READ? . . . Mack's "pillow-soft" earplugs. Moldable Soundproofing. Ear Doctor Recommended. Guaranteed! $2.99. HARRINGTON, 430-R East 66th, N.Y.C. 10021.

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE. 1,400 new stereo recordings. Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Not sold in stores. Not listed in Schwann's. Highest quality! Budget label prices! Available only by mail. Musical Heritage Society, Box 932 NW, New York, N.Y. 10023.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE, computerized matching, nationwide, low fee. Free questionnaire. "Team," 1270 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

For Sale

CIGARS—NEW HAVANA seed tobacco lets you enjoy the old Havana flavor. Sampler $3.95. Free brochure. Afco Cigars, P. O. Box A 5111, Tampa, Fla. 33605.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND VIRGINALS —Professional instruments in kit form. Burton Jacks (Patented). Free brochure from Burton Harpsichords, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222NR, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

SUBSTANTIAL DISCOUNTS on drums, guitars, band instruments. Indicate kind desired. Hamel Music Company, Dept. B, Box 184, Berrien Springs, MI. 49103.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

ANGUS MAC DONALD:

Moral Values.

We are taxed with our first pay check, every subsequent pay check. . . . When we die, the government pounces on our estate. We are taxed when we buy . . . sell . . . travel at home or abroad . . . speak on the telephone, and if we own a dog. If there is something for which we are not taxed—keep quiet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

production/mass consumption yields mass destruction of this world, of which we are but a part. Perhaps a subconscious realization of this fact has something to do with our urge to change. The "weakness in our national character" may well be the twinge of a long dormant instinct of self-preservation. Rather than forcibly subdue that twinge, let's take off the blinders and look around.

Angwin, Calif. VICTOR AAGAARD

HUAC/HISC

NATIONAL REVIEW's January 31 editorial on the House Internal Security Committee (HISC) was by no means "incorrect in every particular," as Lawrence V. Cott claimed [Feb. 28] in his laudation of HISC Chairman Ichord.

According to Cott, Ichord "beefed up" his staff with "experts, former FBI and military intelligence men." Unfortunately, Ichord subscribed to the naive belief that all FBI men were tops on subversion, though the great majority of agents never work on the problem. He hired seven of them for key staff posts. But only two were at all knowledgeable. The result was spit and polish, detailed paper work (margins thus, paper clips so), much form and little substance.

Ichord, Cott said, "stopped subpoenaing the troublemakers" and turned to the "arduous" and "less spectacular" task of questioning cooperative witnesses.

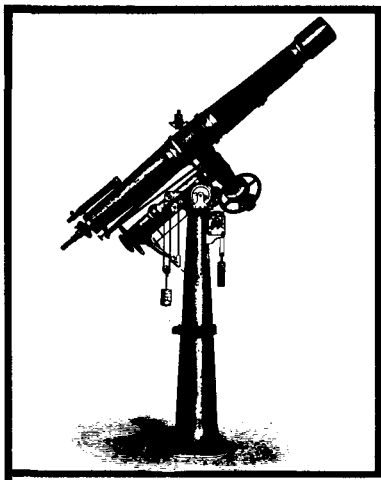
"Arduous"? Anyone who has ever directed an investigation in the subversive area will tell you that the easiest way to do it is the way Ichord chose. The old HUAC did both. It took voluminous testimony from "defectors, from surfaced undercover men, from experts on subversion"; at the same time, it never hesitated to do its own investigating into the most difficult areas and then engage hostile witnesses on the stand.

Fair play is involved in this issue. It's one thing to have others testify about subversion without the "accused" being present; quite another to produce evidence yourself and put the alleged perpetrator on the witness stand to affirm, deny, or qualify the accusations as he chooses. HUAC chose the latter, more time-consuming, and fairer procedure. Why brand it as "spectacular"?

One could quibble about some words in *NR*'s January 31 editorial but, by and large, it was to the point, telling a truth conservatives have too long suppressed.

It should be emphasized that Ichord's weakness as chairman was not cause to abolish the Committee. Over the years, many committees have suffered from this. It has never been used as an excuse for their elimination. Today there is still certainly need for the Committee. A stronger chairman might well have saved it.

Bethesda, Md. FRANK MCNAMARA



On the Lookout for a Really Good Speaker?

You can select the best from Catherine Babcock, Inc.

You know how important a good speaker can be to your meeting, but locating the right speaker isn't always that easy. Here's how to solve that dilemma—let Catherine Babcock handle the speaking arrangements for your next meeting whether it be social, business, civic, student or political. You can choose from this roster of well-known conservatives:

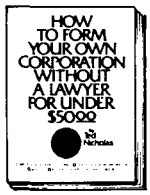
- **William A. Rusher**
- **Russell Kirk**
- **M. Stanton Evans**
- **Jeffrey Hart**
- **Ernest Van Den Haag**
- **D. Keith Mano**
- **Peter P. Witonski**
- **David Brudnoy**
- **J. Daniel Mahoney**
- **Cornelius J. Troost**
- **"Johannes Eff"**
- **F. Clifton White**
- **Robert K. Dornan**

You'll never have to worry about a dull meeting or poor attendance when you use speakers of this calibre. All you have to do is tell us the name of your organization and when your meeting is scheduled. We'll take care of the rest. Write today to:

Catherine Babcock, Inc., 544 Southside Rd., Virginia Beach, Va. 23451

How to form your own corporation without a lawyer for under $50.00

By Ted Nicholas



Contains tear out forms for everything that's needed!

This manual enables you the present or future business owner to immediately

1. Enjoy the tax savings.
2. Limit personal liability.
3. Discover many other benefits of incorporating your business.

TYPICAL READER COMMENT.
"Was quoted $1,000 by lawyer for 3 corporations. Book saved me $3,000" – J. S. Newark, Del.

ENTHUSIASTIC REVIEWERS COMMENT (TYPICAL OF MANY)
"Handy book. In Laymen's Terms. . . Old American Spirit Lives." San Fran. Chron.

We participate in arbitration for business and customers through the Better Business Bureau of Del.

Highlights of this amazing manual

- Eliminate personal liability.
- Eliminate expensive and unnecessary legal fees.
- Start a corporation with zero capital.
- Form a profit or tax-exempt non profit corporation.
- Operate anonymously if desired to assure maximum privacy.
- Raise capital by selling shares.
- Be a one man corporation. Be President, Secretary and Treasurer yourself.

IRON CLAD GUARANTEE. If you are not completely satisfied with the book after you have it for 10 days you may return it for a full refund.

IT WORKS. Thousands of corporations have already been formed using this proven guide written by prominent author and businessman, *Ted Nicholas.*

Clip Coupon – Immediate Shipment.

TO: ENTERPRISE PUBLISHING CO. INC.
1300 Market Street, Dept. NR-367
Wilmington, Del. 19801

Please send me ____ copies of "HOW TO FORM YOUR OWN CORPORATION WITHOUT A LAWYER FOR UNDER $50.00" at $7.95 each, plus 45¢ postage and handling.
It is my understanding that if I am not completely satisfied with the book after 10 days of receipt, I can return the book undamaged for a full refund.
☐ Bank Americard
☐ check enclosed ☐ Master Charge ☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Diner's Club

No. _____ Expiration Date _____
NAME (Please Print) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Signature _____
All books sent 4th class rate. For faster delivery add:
☐ 80¢ SP. Del. ☐ $2.25 U.S. Air ☐ $4.25 Fgn. Air

© Copyright 1975 Enterprise Publishing Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

What's Going On?

New York, March 30—Here is a reading on the developments in the Middle East:

1. Henry Kissinger is a superb diplomat, renowned for his (objective) patience and tenacity. But this last time around, he went to something like exaggerated lengths to effect his so-called step by step approach. There is a point after which a Secretary of State, revisiting a capital city for the tenth time in ten days, is speaking rather to the world at large than to the officials of that capital city. It is unlikely that Mr. Kissinger would have made those 22 trips to Paris (or whatever the exact number) to visit with Le Duc Tho if each one of them had received day and night exposure in the press. It is, in a word, possible that well in advance of the date when he officially abandoned this last mission, he knew it would fail but continued just the same to commute between Tel Aviv and Cairo to press home a public point.

2. What point is this? Israeli intransigence, is my guess. Already there are reports that President Ford, toward the end, wrote directly to Prime Minister Rabin, telling him—one presumes—that he had to be more cooperative. Washington denies there was any such missive, but Tel Aviv does not. And Tel Aviv is critically aware that the United States Congress has, sitting in front of it, a request for $2.5-billion worth of aid to Israel, without which Israel might just as well depose Rabin in favor of Arafat.

3. On the assumption that the Israeli government is on the one hand prepared to take risks but not such as would lead to national suicide, we must suppose that they prefer a Geneva type confrontation to the type Kissinger had in mind. Why? Presumably because, at Geneva, the hostile Arab powers would tend, as they do in the United Nations, to outshout each other in expressing their own intransigence—in a bid for the hearts and minds of the Palestinians. A concession that President Sadat can quietly make, in the privacy of his palace to Henry Kissinger, he cannot readily make with impunity at the Palace of Nations, hooted down by Iraqis, Syrians, Jordanians, Lebanese, and Palestinians.

4. What would be the change in the public attitude towards Israel after, let us say, ten weeks in Geneva during which the demands against Israel increase in intensity and the rhetoric becomes more bellicose? Imagine that, after a few months of this kind of thing, during which Israel appears increasingly beleaguered, there is a border incident: followed by another blitzkrieg war? Now, the experts are saying that Israel has one victory left within her resources. After that, attrition will set in. Assume that Israel won a victory on the decisive scale of 1967: and then offered to withdraw not from her new boundaries, but way back to her old, 1967 boundaries, if United States troops would undertake to guarantee her frontiers?

5. The pressures would be formidable in two directions. From the Arabs, the lack of a solution would mean the reimposition of an oil embargo, conceivably far more deadly than the last one, with the possibility of a strategic fragmentation in the Western alliance. Internally, sympathy for Israel would be followed by a temptation to seize the opportunity once and for all to secure Israel and end the tension in the Mideast. The crisis by this timetable would come during a presidential election. It is not known yet whether the statutory limit of $1,000 per contributor will lessen Jewish influence on Democratic politicians, but the likelihood is that well before that question is answered, there would be something like bipartisan support for a formal U.S. guarantee of Israeli borders, backed by American troops. Worth waiting for. □

THE NIXONITES ON THE ROAD

Los Angeles, March 22—John Dean completed his lecture tour in these parts last night, and the heckling was minimal. The student newspaper hailed it as a "Jail's-Eye View of the Nixon Administration," which is okay—I mean, it is in the lusty tradition of student iconoclasm, though it would be nice if they would also do it to people who become famous for other reasons at least as disreputable as having participated in the Watergate coverup. If there were the will, I am certain student ingenuity would come up with a formula for greeting a lecture by, say, Angela Davis, or Daniel Ellsberg, or Free Whatshisname, whom we continue to free in between the times he mauls people.

John Dean complained, after his lecture, that he is permitted to spend only one-half his time discussing his misadventures on the theme of what clean young men and women should look out for when they are tempted by federal power. The rest of the time he has to spend justifying his lecture fee. A single explanation would appear sufficient: *secundum estimationem fori*. It was way back in the Middle Ages they settled on this as the fair price: what can you fetch according to the reckoning of the marketplace.

In Dean's case it was three grand, which resulted in two dollars per ticket, which is less than the kids have to pay to see *Deep Throat*, whose producer was presented as a distinguishd lecturer under the auspices of Boston University—which lately canceled the invitation to Ron Ziegler. The faculty and the kids at BU are not offended by a man who makes a profession by training a telescopic lens on sodomites-for-hire; but they do not want, on their campus, a man who acted as liaison officer between the President of the United States and the press. It is by the way a matter of passing interest that although we live in an age obsessed with the concept of effecting justice, I have not heard it said that Ron Ziegler ever committed a crime. When he told the press that the Watergate break-in was a third-rate burglary, there is every reason to believe that that is exactly what he thought it to be. *I* know why they don't like Ron Ziegler, and in the expansiveness of my mood this morning I shall reveal that reason. They don't like Ziegler because he is a friend of Nixon. That's why they don't like Abplanalp, or Bebe Rebozo. Richard Nixon isn't supposed to *have*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any friends. They haven't yet figured out a way of making it unconstitutional for him to have friends—perhaps the political science faculty at Boston University is researching the subject—but pending that discovery, the best way to treat a friend of Richard Nixon is as a pariah.

Because the faculty and the dissenting students aren't quite prepared to say that Ziegler and Dean and Jeb Magruder should not be heard, they frame their objections on the fact that they are being paid to say what they say. It is as logical to assert that the lawyers representing Dean and Magruder should not charge a fee. Nobody has yet said that, so we must deduce that the fee was charged, and ask the question: how is somebody like Dean supposed to come up with the money to pay it? It is estimated somewhere that his lawyers' bills will come to $300,000. Dean cannot practice law, having been disbarred. And disbarred lawyers are professional basket cases. Dean has had no training in business. As a convicted felon he is not welcomed at any university faculty. What there is, temporarily, is an appetite to see and hear him—a historical figure, after all. And the man primarily responsible—after the tapes—for bringing Richard Nixon down. I doubt I would attend his lecture, as long as there are novels by Trollope I have not read; but I cannot think, driving through Sunset Boulevard, that two dollars was being spent more innocently anywhere in this area of the world last night during the entertainment hour.

THE ENEMIES of Richard Nixon have totally succeeded in their mission of making Nixon the despised figure in America, and there is no doubting that he turned out to be the principal accomplice in that enterprise. But what makes so many of these critics so abominable is the totality of their appetite. They wish not only Nixon to be hated, but also everyone who did not hate Nixon along with them. They are in that respect exact reincarnations of the Jacobins and the Leninists, who were satisfied not merely to kill the king, but all who believed in him; and, ultimately, all who believed in the institution. It is a good thing they are overdoing it, because it will hasten the day when the pendulum, disgusted at the company it is keeping, hurries on back in the other direction. □

ON LEVELING WITH THE READER

Los Angeles, March 20—In recent weeks several correspondents, thoughtfully sending me copies, have triumphantly advised editors of newspapers in which this feature appears, that "Mr. Buckley was himself a member of the CIA," and that under the circumstances, that fact should be noted every time a newspaper publishes a comment by Mr. Buckley on the CIA. Now the *Boston Phoenix*, which is that area's left-complement to the John Birch Society magazine, publishes an editorial on the subject that begins with the ominous sentence, "William F. Buckley Jr.'s past is catching up with him. In the Fifties he served as E. Howard Hunt's assistant in the Mexico City CIA station . . ." Accordingly, the *Phoenix* has protested to the editor of the *Boston Globe*, and reports to its readers, "Ann Wyman, the new editor of the *Globe*'s editorial page, is now considering whether to append Buckley's past CIA affiliation to his column, which appears regularly in the *Globe*. . . . Wyman intends to consult with other *Globe* editors. . . . The *Globe* may finally be on to him."

If so, it would indeed have taken the *Globe* a very long time, since it began publishing me in 1962, and my CIA involvement and a 25-year-old friendship with Howard Hunt are among newspaper readers, as well known as that Coca-Cola is the pause that refreshes. But one pauses to wonder what is the planted axiom in the position taken by the *Boston Phoenix*?

It is true that I was in the CIA. I joined in July 1951, and left in April 1952. Now the assumption, not always stated, is that obviously anybody who was ever a member of an organization, defends that organization. But one wonders: why should this be held to be true? The most prominent critics of the CIA are in fact former members of it.

I attended Yale University for four years. Is it the position of the *Boston Phoenix* that, therefore, everything I write about Yale is presumptively suspect, because as a Yale graduate I am obviously pro-Yale? But it happens that shortly before entering the CIA I wrote a book very critical of Yale. And, as a matter of fact, I have in recent years written critically about Yale on a dozen occasions. So consistently, indeed, that Miss Wyman may feel impelled to identify me, at the end of every column I write about Yale, in some such way as: "Mr. Buckley, a graduate of Yale, is, as one would expect, a critic of that university."

I am a Roman Catholic, and have written, oh, twenty columns in the last ten years critical of developments within the Catholic Church. Should I be identified as a Roman Catholic?

I like, roughly, in the order described, 1) God, 2) my family, 3) my country, 4) J. S. Bach, 5) peanut butter, and 6) good English prose. Should these biases be identified when I write about, say, Satan, divorce, Czechoslovakia, Chopin, marmalade, and *New York Times* editorials?

I WONDER if Miss Wyman is being asked, implicitly, to label the religious, or ethnic, backgrounds of her columnists? "Mr. Joseph Kraft, who writes today on Israel, is a Jew." That would presumably please the editors of the *Boston Phoenix*. Or, "Mr. William Raspberry, who writes today about civil rights in the South, is black." Or how about: "Mr. John Roche, who writes today in favor of federal aid to education, receives a salary from Tufts whose income depends substantially on federal grants."

Pete Hamill, who laughed his head off a few years ago at the hallucinations of Robert Welch, asks in the *Village Voice*: "Is Bill Buckley still a member of CIA? Have any of Buckley's many foreign travels been paid for by CIA?" One columnist recently wrote that NATIONAL REVIEW's defense of the CIA, and my own friendship for Mr. Howard Hunt, might suggest that the CIA has indeed put up money for NATIONAL REVIEW over the years, though he conceded that if that were the case, the CIA was indeed a stingy organization—Mr. Garry Wills knows, at first hand, something of the indigence of this journal. Unfortunately Mr. Wills is the exact complement of Mr. Revilo Oliver, who was booted out of the John Birch Society for excessive kookiness some time after he revealed that JFK's funeral had been carefully rehearsed. Both are Classics professors by background. Perhaps one should identify anyone who writes about politics and is also a Classics professor as being that? The *Boston Phoenix* and Miss Wyman should ponder that one. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Laws that ought to apply to both Big Labor and Big Business — 9 170 131 90 154 30 197 60 49

B. PUNISH? NO! NO! NO! — 20 15 28 59 75 81 95 114 146 92 / 100 165

C. Longer hours for *workers rather than* shorter ones? — 24 127 175 188 196 201 5 18 57 63 / 87 99

D. Not solid — 26 138 16 62 150 155

E. One of Tennessee's counties — 39 128 108 43 149 65 157

F. An Austrian composer of chess problems (1829-1871) — 69 172 52 185 93 181 153

G. A tree + a color = another color — 147 44 122 13 66 51 56 130

H. Shelter for ships — 161 116 124 184 195 40 180 71 47

I. What the British call a service elevator — 50 58 1 32 117

J. Skill — 86 187 33 152 54 194 159

K. Tularemia — 101 23 64 104 135 14 140 148 119 125 / 162

L. To withdraw — 106 120 77 166 34 169

M. What wives don't like to pay for but widows like to collect — 118 191 96 133 177 70 198 142 35

N. Longtime president of American Federation of Labor — 126 78 8 109 176 186 98

O. Italian word of warning in *The Red Circle* (Sherlock Holmes adventure) — 144 160 2 61 36 55 68

P. A stupid person — 151 3 83 25 11 46

Q. Consecrated churchyards — 168 17 67 84 21 89 107 141 156 193

R. A pet rodent — 53 103 79 4 37 72 110

S. A type of building — 174 29 183 167 82 73 111 12 97

T. A dominant recurring theme — 182 74 6 158 80 190 171 143 38

U. Set free — 189 200 136 112 163 41

V. Competent — 31 139 173 178 42 199 113 137 76

W. Gratuitous — 134 164 27 48 102 129 121 7

X. The study of handwriting — 91 19 45 94 22 105 88 132 192 10

Y. Set apart for eternal life — 123 145 85 179 115

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 412 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 I	2 O		3 P	4 R		5 C	6 T	7 W	8 N	9 A	10 X	11 P	12 S	13 G		14 K	15 B	
16 D	17 Q	18 C	19 X	20 B		21 Q	22 X	23 K	24 C		25 P	26 D	27 W	28 B		29 S	30 A	31 V	32 I
33 J	34 L	35 M	36 O	37 R		38 T	39 E	40 H	41 U		42 V	43 E	44 G	45 X	46 P	47 H	48 W		49 A
50 I	51 G		52 F	53 R	54 J	55 O	56 G		57 C	58 I	59 B	60 A	61 O		62 D	63 C	64 K	65 E	66 G
67 Q	68 O	69 F	70 M	71 H	72 R	73 S	74 T	75 B	76 V		77 L	78 N	79 R	80 T	81 B	82 S	83 P	84 Q	85 Y
	86 J	87 C	88 X		89 Q	90 A	91 X	92 B	93 F		94 X	95 B	96 M	97 S	98 N		99 C	100B	101K
	102W	103R	104K	105X	106L		107Q	108E	109N	110R	111S	112U	113V	114B	115Y	116H	117I	118M	119K
120L	121W		122G	123Y	124H	125K		126N	127C	128E	129W	130G		131A	132X		133M	134W	135K
136U	137V		138D	139V	140K	141Q	142M	143T	144Q	145Y	146B		147G	148K	149E		150D	151P	152J
153F		154A	155D	156Q	157E	158T	159J	160O	161H	162K	163U	164W		165B	166L	167S		168Q	169L
170A	171T		172F	173V		174S	175C	176N	177M	178V	179Y	180H	181F		182T	183S	184H	185F	186N
	187J	188C	189U	190T	191M	192X	193Q		194J	195H		196H		197A	198M	199V	200U	201C	

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

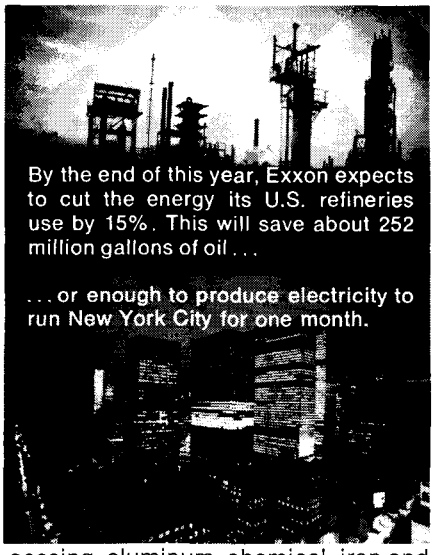
Saving energy

American industry offers a tremendous potential for energy savings right now.

One way to reduce our dependence on foreign oil is to use energy more efficiently. This means using less electricity and heating oil in our homes and saving gasoline in our cars.

American industry also offers a great potential for using energy efficiently. Why? Because industry uses at least one-third of all the energy consumed in the U.S. today.

Exxon will save enough energy to run New York City for 30 days.
All major industries require large amounts of energy. In fact, 25 percent of all our energy is consumed by just six industries: farming and food processing, aluminum, chemical, iron and steel, paper, and petroleum refining.

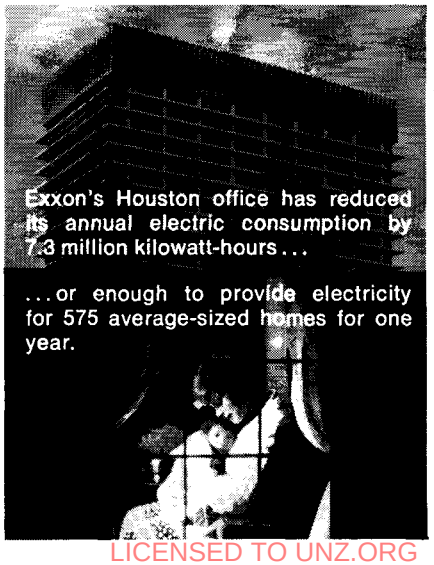

By the end of this year, Exxon expects to cut the energy its U.S. refineries use by 15%. This will save about 252 million gallons of oil . . .
. . . or enough to produce electricity to run New York City for one month.

In the case of Exxon, we use energy to make energy. But, by the end of this year Exxon expects to cut energy usage at our U.S. refineries by 15 percent of what we used in 1972. The energy we save could heat the homes in Pittsburgh for one year or provide enough electricity to run New York City for one month.

No more "full speed ahead."
A ship captain can save fuel the same way you save gasoline in your car. By slowing down our U.S. tankers and towboats and by cutting nonessential power demands, Exxon saved 5.5 million gallons of fuel last year. That is enough to power 1300 farm tractors for a year.

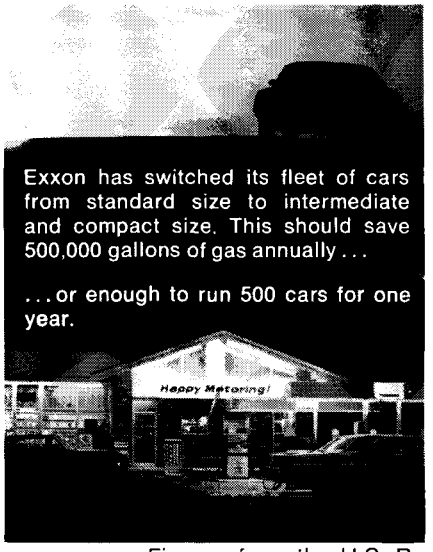
Exxon's U.S. tankers reduced fuel consumption by 5.5 million gallons last year . . .
. . . or enough to fuel 1300 farm tractors for one year.

Last year, our 54-story headquarters in New York cut energy requirements by nearly 35 percent. Our Houston office reduced consumption of electricity by 7.3 million kilowatt-hours. That is enough electricity to power 575 average-sized homes for one year.


Exxon's Houston office has reduced its annual electric consumption by 7.3 million kilowatt-hours . . .
. . . or enough to provide electricity for 575 average-sized homes for one year.

Recently Exxon switched all company cars from standard size to intermediate or compact size. We expect that this will save 500,000 gallons of gasoline annually—or enough to run 500 cars for one year.

There is evidence of progress.
As a nation, there is evidence that we are making progress on curbing energy use. Figures from the U.S. Bureau of Mines and the American Petroleum Institute show that demand for energy *dropped* 3.3 percent in 1974 as compared to 1973. Gasoline consumption alone dropped 2 percent.

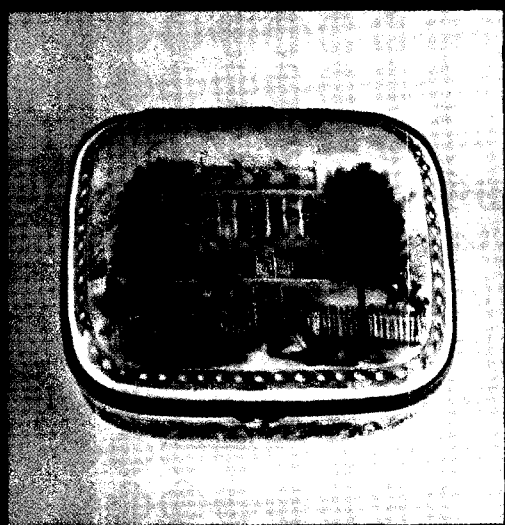

Exxon has switched its fleet of cars from standard size to intermediate and compact size. This should save 500,000 gallons of gas annually . . .
. . . or enough to run 500 cars for one year.
Happy Motoring!

Take a good look at how you run your operation, whether it's a corporation, a small business, or a home in the suburbs. We think you'll be surprised at the ways you can use energy efficiently to conserve our nation's energy supplies. And you'll save money too.

EXXON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shadows-on-the-Teche



Lyndhurst

The National Trust Collection

By James Biddle

George Washington was two years old when John Drayton, a member of the King's Council for the Colony of South Carolina, broke ground for a two-storey brick mansion on the Ashley River, 12 miles upstream from Charleston. It stood sturdily through the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, and is one of the few great Carolina houses to escape the ravages of the Civil War.

And although Drayton Hall is celebrated as one of the great architectural and historical treasures of America, its survival is threatened. Deterioration and vandalism have taken a heavy toll and up to $2,000,000 is urgently needed for preservation and the creation of an endowment which will insure the proper long-range support of this priceless landmark.

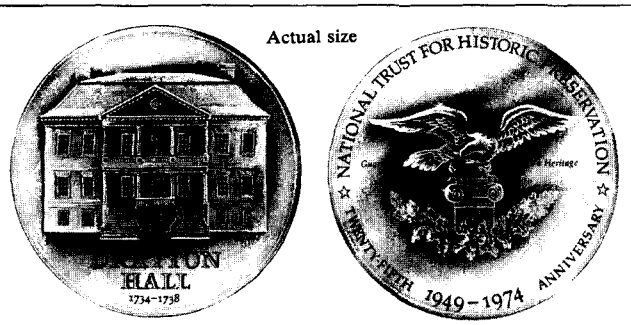
If we succeed in raising half this sum, aided by sales of the National Trust Collection of Fine Porcelain Boxes, we can obtain an equal amount of federal funds. Every dollar you give is worth two in our fight to save Drayton Hall. Clearly, your support is of critical importance.

If you join us in this cause, you will be invited to attend a dedication of Drayton Hall next April. A Southern country breakfast will be provided at the Plantation, followed by a reception at Russell House, headquarters of the Historic Charleston Foundation and one of the most beautiful early 19th century houses in America. There we will celebrate the rescue of Drayton Hall and mark the completion of our twenty-fifth year as the only non-governmental organization chartered by Congress to safeguard America's cultural and historical heritage.

The invitation list will include our five Honorary Members, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Onassis, Mrs. Eisenhower and Mrs. Truman. The Secretary of the Interior and members of Congress will be invited, as will eminent architects, historians and preservationists.

A specially commissioned medallion will be struck to honor this significant milestone in the history of preservation, and each subscriber will receive a serially numbered copy in pure silver, or in bronze.

Actual size



Drayton Hall Serially numbered medallion celebrating the rescue of Drayton Hall and the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the National Trust. Combined silver and bronze edition limited to 2500.

The National Trust Collection of Fine Porcelain Boxes celebrates some of the historic properties which the Trust preserves for public benefit: Cliveden, Woodlawn, Shadows-on-the-Teche, Lyndhurst, and Decatur House. We selected for this demanding project the finest of the few craftsmen in the world capable of meeting our standards: the famous and venerable Porcelaine de Paris.

Each box is different in shape, made from models over 100 years old and is decorated in exquisite detail from original oils, watercolors, and design motifs found within our National Trust properties. The artists who inspired these designs include Edward Savage (1789), John Robert Murray (1824), Alexander Jackson Davis (1838), and Currier & Ives (1875).

Of course, fine art cannot be transferred directly to porcelain but must be repainted for the medium by highly skilled artists. Two were selected for this delicate assignment, each with 25 years of experience. Both have been named "Best Worker of France", an extraordinary award given but once every three years to a handful of workers in the entire nation.

The secret of making porcelain was guarded by its Chinese originators for 1200 years. It was not until 1709 that an alchemist in Meissen discovered the Chinese formula, but he kept it only a decade. During this short span, German artisans developed porcelain as an art form, and when other European centers learned the secret, they contributed to the state of the art.

Paris was one of these centers, and outstanding among its many factories was Porcelaine de Paris, established by Jean Baptiste Locre in 1773 — the year of our Boston Tea Party. It has been, since 1860, the sole surviving porcelain factory in the City of Paris.

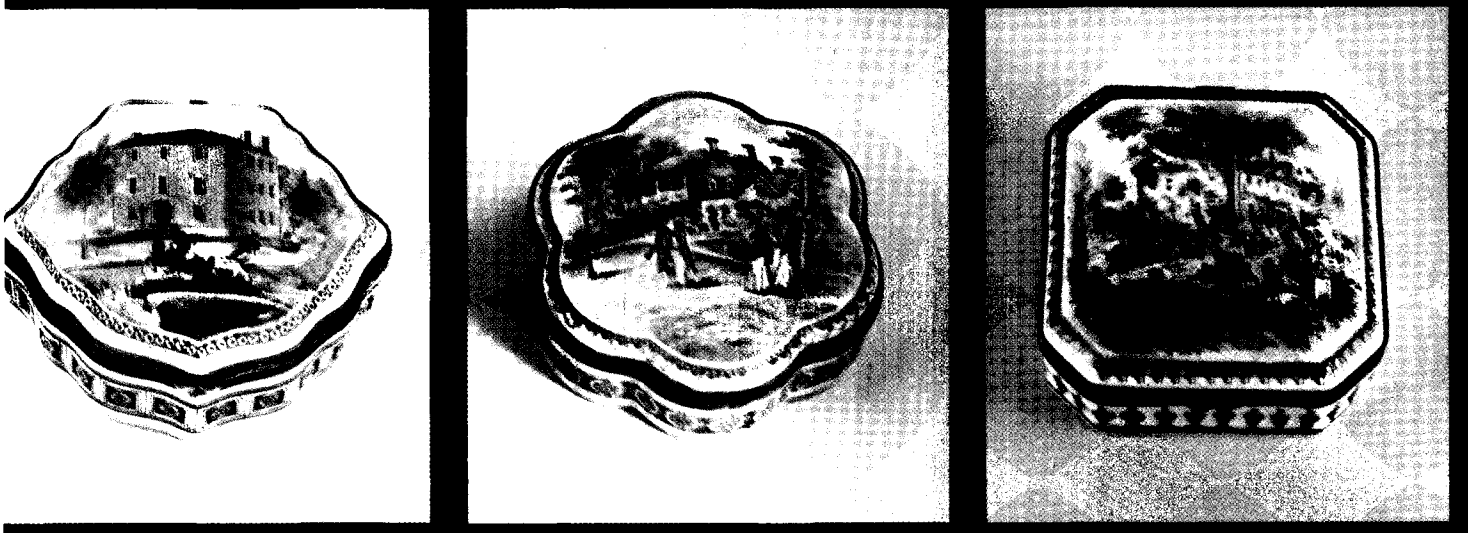
The Prospect of Appreciation

There is no guarantee that these boxes will increase in value. However, it has become abundantly clear in recent years that the greatest increase among collectors' items is

James Biddle, President of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, was Curator of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Decatur House



# of Fine Porcelain Boxes

obtained by limited editions with specific characteristics:

- The issue must be officially sanctioned.
- The quality of materials used should be, simply, the best obtainable.
- The artistic merit must be exceptional.
- The craftsmanship must be impeccable.
- The edition must be strictly limited.

It is my opinion that these boxes meet our exacting requirements in every respect. Whether you wish to purchase them for aesthetic, charitable, or investment reasons — or all three — we commend them to your consideration.

For your information, antique porcelain boxes, especially those from the 18th century, are bringing extremely high prices. In the past five years, prices have more than tripled. At one recent Sotheby Parke-Bernet auction, a 1745 gold-mounted porcelain box from Meissen fetched $2,400, and at another auction, 11 boxes were knocked down at prices ranging from $175 to $30,000 each.

A Very Limited Offering

The National Trust Collection is strictly limited to 2,500 sets. Each one of the five boxes in every set is serially numbered. Orders will be filled in the exact sequence in which they are received, one set per subscriber.

The first set will be presented to the Smithsonian Institution for its permanent collection. The last set will remain on display in our Decatur House headquarters. The remaining 2,498 are available at $600 the set. Upon completion of sale, the litho stones used to prepare the series will be defaced, thus assuring protection to all subscribers for all time.

If you agree that these boxes are outstanding, that prospects for their appreciation are indeed bright, and that our work to save Drayton Hall and preserve America's heritage is worthy of your support — then I urge you to act promptly.

Send us your check for $600 to purchase your set of The National Trust Collection of Fine Porcelain Boxes. Your payment will be acknowledged and you will be informed of your number in the limited edition. (Should we offer another group of boxes at some future date, the first opportunity to purchase a set bearing your serial number will be reserved for you.) In consideration of your full payment in advance, you will receive a .999 fine silver medallion struck to commemorate our twenty-five years of dedication to historic preservation and the rescue of Drayton Hall.

If you prefer, you may pay $250 now to reserve your set and remit the balance of $350 prior to shipment. You will also receive the commemorative medallion in bronze.

You will have two weeks following receipt of your Collection to make your own independent appraisal and decide if you wish to keep it. If you decide against the Collection, simply return it insured. Your payment will be refunded in full and there will be no further obligation.

If you decide to keep the Collection, you will be elected a Sustaining Member of the National Trust with all of the many rights and privileges accorded such members. Your name, as the original purchaser, will also be entered in a special bound volume which will be maintained in the National Trust Archives.

And, of course, you will be a guest of honor next April at Drayton Hall when we salute our first 25 years and celebrate the rescue of this magnificent property. It will be a memorable gathering.

Important tax note: 66⅔% ($400) of the $600 price is deductible for income tax purposes.

The National Trust for Historic Preservation
742 Jackson Place, N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20006
Attention: James Biddle, President

Gentlemen: I wish to purchase one serially numbered set of The National Trust Collection of five hinged porcelain boxes. You will advise me of this number upon confirming my order in writing. I will also receive an invitation to the dedication of Drayton Hall and a reception at Russell House in April.

☐ Enclosed is full payment of $600. In consideration of this advance payment, I will also receive a pure silver medallion specially struck to commemorate the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of The National Trust and the rescue of Drayton Hall.

Or, ☐ I enclose $250 deposit. The balance of $350 will be due upon notification of shipment; or, in approximately 30 days. I will also receive a limited edition medallion, as described above, in bronze.

Enclosed is my check in the amount of
☐ $600 ☐ $250
Or, charge ☐ $600 ☐ $250 deposit to:
☐ Diners Club ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge

Master Charge Interbank No._____

Account No._____

Expires_____

_____
Signature

_____
Name

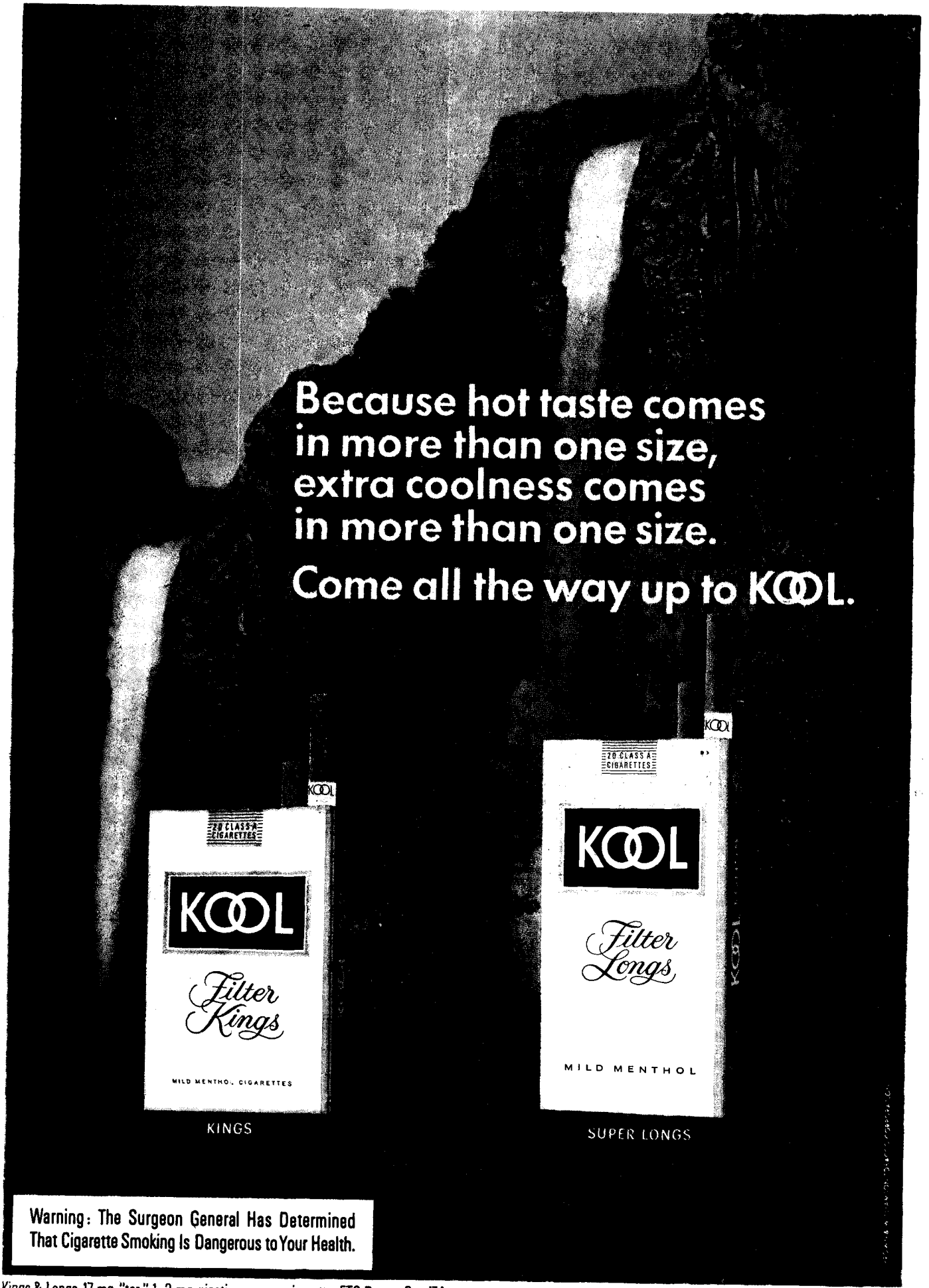
_____
Address

_____
City State Zip

Guarantee: If I wish, I may return my purchase within two weeks for a full, unquestioned refund. It is understood that such a refund automatically cancels the various subscriber's privileges as outlined above.

RN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Kings & Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED